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A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

A Criticism of Margery's Lovers—A Tame and Conventional Story—The Literary Men that Can Embroider a Dialogue and Decorate a Scene, but Cannot Forge a Plot—A Plot Destitute of Dignity, Strength and Originality—A Hero that is Not a Masculine Man—Simultaneous Plays with a Kindred Vacuity of Plot and the Same Small-Talk Treatment.

The second in the series of literary plays on Tuesday entered the special matinee door so graciously opened for them by Mr. A. M. Palmer.

Mr. Brander Matthews, who is a literary worker of recognized position, and a scholarly, painstaking and unexceptionable writer, produced Margery's Lovers.

The play is a comedy drama, and it is open to much the same criticism that has been expended on A Foregone Conclusion. That is to say, its story is conventional and tame, its dramatic interest does not quite rise to suspense, and its crises are not quite situations. But it abounds in sentimental incidents and has several suggestive bits of character that are cleverly differentiated and consistently worked out on the story-teller's and not the playwright's line.

Mr. Matthews is a hard student in dramatic literature, as his several essays in criticism and biography sufficiently attest. But he evidently has not learned that a good play is founded on a good story.

There is absolutely nothing in his drama that has not been worked and reworked before. The motive for all the pains he has taken is ridiculously slender and awkwardly trite.

This appears to be the trouble with all the literary workers who are waiting at Mr. Palmer's gate.

They can embroider a dialogue and decorate a scene. But they cannot forge a plot.

And when they make the attempt it is not with the hammer of imagination, but with the mallet of the memory.

Nor is that the worst of it. They refuse to deal with life and character as they exist. They insist upon dealing with them as they are written. So that a play like Margery's Lovers does not bring with it the atmosphere of reality; its people do not please you with the vigor of new acquaintances. In spite of all their efforts, the dust of the library is on them. They are continually walking the chalk-line of a dilettantism that tires you. The dramatist has taste, skill, literary knowledge—but he has no courage.

At least that is the way Margery's Lovers struck me.

Margery Blackwall is the daughter of an old gambler and adventurer, who loves her with an intense devotion, and carries on his disreputable business to provide her with plenty of money. The girl is ignorant of her father's life and habits and returns his affection. She is living at Nice, surrounded by a gay circle of men and women, and has several lovers. One of them is Lieutenant John Alden of the U. S. Navy; another is the Count de Sarazue, a gambler, and confederate of the girl's father. This man determines to use his knowledge of Mr. Blackwall's career to force the father to give him the girl. But she loves the Lieutenant.

This is the time out-of-mind blackmail scheme of the traditional stage villain. Rather than have his story told to his daughter, the father consents to a dastardly scheme to ruin the Lieutenant. This scheme is nothing more nor less than to accuse the officer of cheating at cards, and to mark and stack the cards so that the evidence will be against him. Into this rather puerile plot the father and the Count enter, and it succeeds. The Lieutenant is charged with swindling. The Commodore gives him permission to go home on leave of absence and he is apparently ruined. At this crisis an old friend of his, Mr. Lewis Long, steps in to his rescue, unearths the Count's record, makes that villain confess, and saves the Lieutenant.

Nothing can well be balder than this plot. It is destitute not only of originality, but of strength and dignity. It all revolves round the supposition that an American boy, trained in the navy, would permit a shallow trick to be played upon him at the card table, would roll up his eyes and throw up his hands promptly, cry out "I am lost, I am lost! Will nobody believe in me?" and then sink down into a condition of abject helplessness and despair, to remark at intervals that the long dream of happiness was over.

Mr. Brander Matthews may have imbibed the notion from Ouida that American officers act that way. He may have caught the idea from Carlyle or James or Hawthorne. He certainly did not get it from contact with American officers at Nice, or anywhere else, for whatever else American officers may do, they certainly, as a rule, are not apt to allow a gambling adventurer to brand them as cheats.

Instantly deny it, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred will make the accuser swallow his words. At all events he will not stop—as the literary playwright inevitably makes him stop—to consider what his respectable mother-in-law will think and say, and what the even more respectable Mrs. Grundy will do if he asserts himself.

My own impression is that Margery, unless

with such small events as a charge of dishonor he would break down for want of honest human elements. Such heroes as he illustrates might charm a circle of highly organized middle-aged ladies in a back parlor. But he wouldn't hold his own on a quarter-deck.

This is all the more remarkable in the play because the old father (played by Mr. Stoddart), who has less cue for action and less

ing mainly because the cleverness is somewhat unreasonable. Why a brave man should be ashamed of a brave deed, or why he should insist upon being chronically lazy when he isn't, I could not understand. A man who insists that the greatest and worthiest efforts of his life shall be hidden, possesses a modesty that is morbid.

Mr. Matthews is not brilliant or epigrammatic in dialogue, and therefore, I need not say, should not attempt to be. His humor is an acceptable sportiveness that is pleasing without being funny. His wit (in this play at least) need not engage my attention, for it has been provided for in a little invention of recent date and which I am told is worn upon the breast in genteel literary society as a protection.

Margery, I meant to have said, is a most commonplace girl. She smiles, falls in love, is won in an instant, estranged for five minutes by the card incident, and then made happy for life by the exposure of the villain.

The play, for these and other reasons, is not a good one. But it has much good stuff in it, or, rather, I should say, on it, for it appears to have been laid on. The pathos of the father is perhaps the best spot on the side of sentiment. But, then, Stoddart is always so good as the old ruffian with a heart that he can invest any lines with a sympathetic grief.

And that reminds me that Salvini, in a most ungracious role, did a good deal of effective acting. His struggle when he was forced to write the self-accusing letter was perhaps the most genuinely artistic bit of work during the afternoon, and brought the power of his father in face and gesture vividly before the spectators. And when old Blackwall flew at his throat he continued with superb force of utterance to make the scene intense for an instant.

There is no mistaking young Salvini's masculinity of work, whatever that work may be.

On the evening of the same day Bronson Howard produced at the Lyceum Theatre his Met by Chance, and I am bound to say at once that the almost simultaneous plays have a kindred vacuity of plot and display the same small-talk treatment. Met by Chance, measured by anything but an hour's idleness, is not a good play. Its motive is the worn motive of the fraudulent nobleman almost winning the American girl, only to be exposed at the next moment. At the best, the comedy is a flourish of obvious and strained literary skill. It is what is called in newspaper offices a "pot boiler"—that is to say, it bears all the evidence of having been laboriously wrought to order. Like Margery's Lovers, it does not deal with life; only with that pale reflection of it that is accepted in current literature. Neither play has a throb of real, earnest, honest conviction. But both are clever in the nice working out of sentiment and the exhibition of social phases.

It is plain that at the present moment we must not look to the American comedy drama for vigor of thought or strength of material.

Of the two plays, it is difficult to say which we would consent to see a second time; but it is only just to say that Brander Matthews' has this advantage—that we are not likely to see it the second time.

NYM CRINKLE.

The Actors' Fund.

Seven applications for relief were considered by the Executive Committee last week, and only one favorably—a somewhat unusual proceeding. Seven applications and one funeral will be considered to-day (Thursday).

Expended in relief last week, \$162 75.

New members and annual dues paid in: William Bonelli, Edwin W. Hickman, Philip T. Turner, Kate Brand, Charles W. Roberts, Eugene White, Fred. Schrage, Gertrude Carysford, Ruth Gilbert, Charles T. Parloe, William G. Gilbert, Ellerslie F. Gilpin, G. Herbert Leonard, Carl A. Haswin, Adolf J. Jackson, Alva M. Holbrook, Eva Turnock, J. B. Everham, David Washman, Frank Doud, Marie Hartley, George Peck, Samuel Booth, Edwin S. Tarr, Mrs. Edwin S. Tarr, John D. Walsh, Ida De Lange, Charles D. Lack, J. S. Forbes, Lawrence Cooney, Lillie Eldridge and Joseph E. Whiting.

"The Social Register" is the name of a most little book recently published, under careful supervision, that gives the names and addresses of the inner-circle of New York society. It is probably the most discriminating of any of the numerous elite directories.



Mr. Stoddart

and swindlers, and then move helplessly around until they find breath to ask the gambler to "arrange for a meeting."

If there is any one characteristic of the young man, and especially the young man of self-reliant courage, trained in a school of bravery and perhaps as a hero, it is that when suddenly charged with a dishonorable act that he knows to be untrue he will indignantly and

she had been fed on the conventional pap of latter-day fiction, would have thought a great deal more of Lieutenant Alden if, to use the phrase that officers are not unfamiliar with, he had "wiped the deck" with the Count.

Altogether the Lieutenant is not a masculine man. He might make a good literary man. He could sell flannels in a retail store with picturesque effectiveness, but in dealing

vigor of impulse or elasticity of muscle, flies at the Count's throat at the slightest provocation.

It will be seen that, in my opinion, effeminacy of conception, rather than want of skill in treatment, is the defect of the play. And I think that this was the opinion of the elegant audience assembled at the Madison Square.

The Lieutenant's friend, Mr. Lewis Long, is a clever attempt at characterization, interest-

At the Theatres.

LYCUM THEATRE—MET BY CHANCE.

Dr. Harrington Lee..... E. H. Sothern
Edward Dudley Talford..... Frank Rodney
Dudley Bretton..... J. G. Saville
Charlie Hartwell..... J. E. Pigott
Wilton..... J. E. Whiting
Waldo..... W. Paxon
Hope Rutherford..... Ellie Wilton
Lucy Rutherford..... Enid Leslie
Aunt Mary Hartwell..... Emma Sherrett
Stella Vandyke..... Helen Dauvray

To say that Bronson Howard's new play is a disappointment would be putting the case mildly. It is, in brief, a failure, and Miss Dauvray will undoubtedly find it necessary to secure another medium immediately. Well acted and well staged, the play failed solely on account of its weakness and defects. In style, tone and treatment it is far beneath any work that Mr. Howard has submitted to the New York public. There is a paucity of plot, a hotch-potch of silly incidents and an utter lack of that prodigality of clever characterization that has distinguished this author's more successful plays.

Met by Chance revives the emaculated, vacuous sort of dramatic thing that obtained at the Madison Square for several years and until some new, healthy blood was let into the direction of that theatre. It has not one strong scene, or one well-drawn character. The dialogue is paltry and dull. Indeed, we cannot pick out one feature of the whole affair that warrants the bestowal of unreserved approval. Talky, stupid, uninteresting, the attention of the first-night audience was held only by means of some puerile mechanical tricks and the gorgeous gowns which Miss Dauvray introduced with the rapidity and dash of a "protean artist."

The story, although vaguely and wanderingly set forth in the play, may be summed up in a very few lines. Stella Vandyke and Hope Rutherford are engaged respectively to an assinine duke and a bogus English lord. They attempt (and here, if we are to take them as specimens of the well-bred American girl, lies an insult to that charming branch of humanity) to scrape acquaintance—by recourse to the vulgar flirtation associated with shop girls—with Doctor Lee and Lord Edward Talford, who is travelling incognito and stopping at the same hotel on Lake George. The latter goes camping in the woods, where they are found by Stella and Hope, who, lost by their party, wander in for shelter. Through a combination of circumstances they are obliged to spend a week here, during which time they fall in love with the young men, and the young men with them. Searchers come finally. But the way has been paved for the young folks to find what way their affections incline, and two marriages are arranged by two engagements being broken off, the duke, Charlie, finding happiness with a silly young girl, and the bogus lord going into the stern arms of the law.

There is nothing new and nothing entertaining in all this, but when we say that the dialogue was dreadfully dormant and dreary, the uphill task of the actors and the sufferings of the audience will be understood. The stage, like Miss Dauvray, was overdressed. Fine hangings and the latest thing in art furniture will not put vital into a dramatic corpse like Met by Chance. Nor can we speak in praise of the undeniably real rain-storm that poured down realistically through a perforated pipe just back of the proscenium. These extrinsic aids may be a treat to the inartistic observer, but even he will not be misled by such childish stage toys to overlook the fatal deficiencies in the play itself.

Miss Dauvray played earnestly and intelligently, as she always does. But she could not raise the piece above its natural level of mediocrity. Her dresses, we would say to the fair reader, must be seen to be appreciated. They baffle the descriptive power of the masculine sex. Mr. Sothern was light and easy, and delicately humorous, as he needs must be, despite the uncompromising inadequacy of the role of Dr. Lee. Mr. Rodney was as stiff as the first syllable of his name. J. W. Pigott gave such a delightful picture of the genus duke that we wished there were more of Charlie Hartwell in the piece. Miss Wilton, showing no sign of her recent painful accident, gave an artistic performance of Hope. Enid Leslie fitted the ingenuous, kittenish Lucy to a nicety. The other roles were acceptably played. Met by Chance, if it depend for continuance upon the author's work, has a slim prospect.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—MARGERY'S LOVERS.

Commodore Brewster, U. S. N..... C. P. Flickton
Lieut. John Alden, U. S. N..... Louis Massen
Mr. Louis Long..... E. M. Holland
William Blackwall..... J. H. Stoddard
Margery Blackwall..... Marie Burroughs
Mrs. Webster..... Mrs. E. J. Phillips
Bobby Webster..... Walden Ramsey
Miss Sara Webster..... Lena Langdon
Count de Sarazue..... A. Salvini
Sooty..... Marie Greenwald

The series of authors' matinees, lately begun by Mr. Palmer at the Madison Square Theatre, was continued on Tuesday last by the production of the Brander Matthews' three-act play, Margery's Lovers. The audience, made up in large part of the author's personal friends, was large, attentive and sympathetic, and the piece was well acted and well received. Mr. Matthews may be credited with the composition of a fairly taking play—one which might hope for a run in New York, or more probably on the road.

Its story tells us how a knot of pleasure-loving Americans are sojourning at Nice, where a young Lieutenant on the Mediterranean station—John Alden—loves and woos Margery Blackwall, temporarily under the care of the matron of the party. Hanging on the skirts of the company is a Russian adventurer and blackleg, now figuring as the Count de Sarazue, who also loves Margery, and in order to get rid of Alden uses his skill in card-sharping to disgrace his rival by a trumped up charge of cheating with a false pack. In this he is aided by an unwilling conederate—no other than Margery's father, a disreputable old outcast, who has been warned off every race

course in Europe, but who, under the shabby garb of a broken-down loafer and cheat, nourishes the holiest paternal tenderness, and a yet undeveloped capacity for the loftiest and most delicate self-sacrifice. Forced to aid the Count's plans by his fear of exposure to his daughter, he is horror-struck at learning her love for Alden, and discloses the plot to Lewis Long, now a gentlemanly lounge, but formerly the hero of the battle of Winchester. Long, as Alden's friend, takes the matter in hand, bullies the Count into a written recantation, and marries his own particular sweetheart; and the curtain falls on universal harmony and happiness save for the sudden withdrawal of Blackwall for an indefinite absence in view of the discordant effect he might produce in the family connection.

It is needless to insist that Mr. Matthews' plot and personages savor not at all of originality or invention. Even admitting the existence of any discoverable new material in the dramatic field, it would be least of all to be expected from Mr. Matthews. He is handicapped by his own attainments, a well read litterateur, steeped in modern French and other theatrical literature. To claim of him a comedy which should not remind us at every point of Sardou and Ohnet and Meilhac would be as reasonable as to expect from a new-school musician, bred at Bayreuth, a symphony which should not breathe Swan-songs and leitmotives in every bar. Nor need we insist that Alden is a melodramatic milkop, Long a mere bit of stage affectation—already done to rags in the detective of Jim the Penman—and Blackwall, a psychologic absurdity. It appears to be agreed—in the modern school of criticism—to condone all these, and even worse, incongruities, provided the author can make his borrowed and imperfect material seem probable and interesting at the moment. If he can make his auditors tremble, laugh and weep while the play is going on, he can afford to snap his fingers at the cooler second thought of the cantankerous critics with his pen and ink. This Mr. Matthews has very fairly done. His piece, to be sure, is like a kangaroo—it grows bigger toward the end. His first act is thin and poor. It lingers unduly over the development of his theme, and affects—not very successfully—the light and dainty conversational tone of the French *proverbe*—the salon-piece of Augier or Legouvé. But when, ceasing to be Robertsonian, the author plunges into his second act and becomes Sardouesque, he sets into more familiar waters, and sails along with an impulsion not altogether his own. The pivotal scene—Blackwall's agony between his fear of discovery and his love for his daughter—is really touching, dramatic and good, and the same truth measurably applies to the duel of wit and nerve between Long and the Count, and Blackwall's pathetic self-sacrifice at the close.

The acting was, on the whole, excellent. Stoddard's Blackwall was a character study of admirable delicacy, pathos and contained force. It was played in the quietest and lowest possible key, with a reserve which leaves room for deepening and sharpening subordinate lines and tints in future. But his very sobriety made the contrast of his outburst of rage and murderous assault on his fellow-rascal in the third act finely startling and effective. The piece, if it succeeds, as it promises to do, will succeed primarily and essentially on Stoddard's merits. Salvini made an impressive villain, a trifle melodramatic to be sure, and on the showing of his make up, such a palpable scamp that any well-trained detective would have shadowed him on the spot without waiting for orders from headquarters.

Holland, in his familiar detective work, lacks polish of manner and delicacy of method, but he is cool, manly, and, in the main, most effective. Marie Burroughs was a particularly pretty Margery. She is fresh and sympathetic, and occasionally gives out a tone of real feeling and warm emotion. With a view to local color, doubtless, she elected to play the part in a dialect of the American language "as she spoke" in Mesopotamia and the parts beyond Jordan—a sort of trans-Mississippian jargon, which is picturesque, certainly, but to a sensitive ear nothing less than rasping.

The weak spots in the cast were the Alden of Mr. Massen, which was altogether cheap, conventional and staid, and the very artificial Sara Brewster of Miss Langdon. The young lady made a hit some years ago as a pert, artful French lady's maid, and seems to have stuck to it ever since. Sara Brewster was, in every gesture, tone and expression, just Mlle. Francine, and it seemed rather a poor return for Long's manly generosity and courage to pair him off at the end with the *femme de chambre*.

FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE—THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Joshua Whitcomb..... Denman Thompson
Cy Prime..... George A. Beane
Jack Hassard..... Walter Gale
Eb Gansry..... J. L. Morgan
Henry Hopkins..... Walter Lennox, Sr.
Judge Patterson..... Gus Kammerer
Keuben Whitcomb..... T. D. Frawley
Aunt Matilda..... Mrs. Louisa Morse
Annie Hopkins..... Virginia Marlowe
Reckley Ann..... Annie Thompson

The Old Homestead is a delightful New England idyl. It breathes an atmosphere of purity, simplicity and sturdy manhood. It waits to us the fragrance of new-mown hay; it brings us the meadow daisy and buttercup, the soft low of cattle, the babble of running brooks, the song of the farm-laborer and the cheery chirp of the cricket. It is not a great play or a great performance, but it is good and true and wholesome, and no one, no matter how world hardened and blasé he may be—from the gamins in the gallery to the swell in the private box—can see The Old Homestead without feeling better for it. After the incessant round of knockabout nonsense, whirling burlesque and medicinal melodrama to which we have been subjected, this sweet, good piece, brimming over with real human nature, homely kindness and unctuous humor.

It were superfluous to detail the plot. There is very little of it, and the success of the play does not in the least depend on the dramatic element in the story. We are introduced to old Uncle Josh at his home, surrounded by his relatives and friends, engaged in their pastoral pursuits and pastimes. Josh's son has been for some time in New York, and not having heard from him the old man fears some evil has come to him. He goes to the Metropolis to visit a friend of his boyhood, Henry Hopkins, now a wealthy merchant. Amid the luxury of this household Uncle Josh is not at

home, and his quaint New England speech and habits seem more than usually droll. He cannot stomach the nude statuary or understand the aesthetic furniture and bric-a-brac. While seeking his son he wanders to Broadway, and opposite Grace Church on that thoroughfare he encounters a detachment of the Salvation Army, one of the finest and other familiar city characters. Perhaps the funniest episode is Uncle Josh's mistaking a postman collecting his letters from a lamp-post box for a mail robber, and pouncing upon him forthwith. He finally discovers his son among some dissipated companions, restores his self respect, starts him anew and brings him back to the old homestead to share the farm and wed the prettiest girl in the neighborhood.

The moral is good, and it is impressively and entertainingly taught. It is not new to say that The Old Homestead is a better sermon than may be heard in most pulpits, but it is truth, and the truth cannot be too often repeated or too widely circulated.

The play is exquisitely mounted. The sets are really beautiful. The first act, with its tree-arched lane and its thrifty farmhouse, is an admirable piece of work, while the showy drawing-room of the Hopkines and the superb reproduction of the exterior of Grace Church by moonlight, are severally as effective pieces of scenic work as have ever been seen on the New York stage.

Mr. Thompson, as of old, is Uncle Josh, with his sturdy honesty, his quaint Yankeeisms and droll smiles—a picture of the hardy, kind-hearted New Englander as true to life as it is possible for any stage characterization to be. Mr. Beane furnished a clever companion-part as Cy, while Walter Gale's tramp, Harry Jack, and the Eb. Gauzey of J. L. Morgan were capital bits of character delineation. Mr. Lennox, Miss Thompson and Miss Marlowe lent admirable support to the star. The piece brims over with short parts—so many that we have not space to say more than that the majority of them were cleverly played, several members of the company "doubling" very skillfully. The singing of a quartette of fine voices was an agreeable feature. The Old Homestead was received with abundant applause and hearty laughter. It is certain to enjoy a long life of popularity at the Fourteenth Street.

WINDSOR THEATRE—GALBA THE GLADIATOR.

Galba..... Frederick Warde
Origen..... L. F. Rand
Flavian..... Charles D. Hernan
Octavius..... Howard Kyle
Lucius..... John F. Palmer
Hanno..... Henry M. Chester
Hanno..... Thomas E. Garrick
Gordias..... Charles B. Charters
Beda..... George N. Seymour
Albano..... George Allen Watson
Lycos..... Walter H. Edwards
First Slave..... Marwood Andrews
Second Slave..... Charles H. Clark
Third Slave..... James B. Howe
Faustina..... Emma Wilnot
Neodamia..... Eugene Blair
Fulvia..... Mattie Wells

The first production in New York of Galba the Gladiator, with Frederick Warde in the title role, took place on Monday night at the Windsor. The play is remarkable in these agnostic days for distinctly Christian sentiment. That sentiment circles round the fate of a young and beautiful slave-girl, Neodamia, sacrificed for her faith in the Cross amid the savagery of the Roman temperament in the days of the gladiatorial festivals.

Faustina, Empress of Rome, about to bring forth a successor to the throne, is advised by augurs that the fate of the royal unborn will be decided by that of an unborn child of a slave, cut from its mother's living body. The young wife of Galba, a popular gladiator, was the wretched victim of this pagan sacrifice, who was slain before his eyes. He escapes with the child, who was wounded in the neck by the knife that, leaving a scar, had taken its mother's life. Flying into Egypt, the father cares for it in a cave until, one unhappy night, Galba faints in a struggle with wild beasts. On recovering sense he misses his daughter. After years of ceaseless search he reaches Rome, where he becomes the leader of slaves bent on insurrection against the tyranny of the Empress. While so engaged they seek the privacy of those wonderful catacombs which formed a city of the dead below the streets of Imperial Rome, and which was the asylum of the persecuted Christians. In these gloomy caverns Origen, the priest, resides, and to him there comes for counsel a beautiful slave-girl, Neodamia. Her question is whether she, a Christian, might wed her master, Flavian, a pagan noble. The girl is followed to the cave by the Empress, Caesar's mother, who, acting under the jealous influence of a passion for Flavian, is designing the girl's death. There she meets Galba, who tells her his bitter purpose of revenge for his wife's murder, but who is induced by promises of aid in the search for his daughter to follow the Empress to Flavian's garden, where he is to dispatch the girl at a signal. The garden has recently been the scene of a betrothal festivity, wherein Flavian has given freedom to his fair slave and bound himself in the fetters of his love for her. The Empress meets the girl alone in the garden and tries to alarm her into flight. Failing in this, by the fraudulent use of an old letter she destroys the girl's confidence in her lover, but cannot shake her vow. Faustina then orders Galba to obey his deadly order; but a pathetic appeal for mercy, from Neodamia's lips, reminds him of his daughter, and he determines to betray her instead.

This so incenses the Empress that she orders the seizure of Galba for the arena, where he shall be "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Faustina then seeks Flavian, and descends from her regal position to implore his love, but in vain. Flavian then repairs to the Temple of Juno to celebrate his nuptials, which are interrupted by the lictors bringing in Origen, the Christian priest, on a charge of blasphemy against the gods. The Priest of Juno demands that he shall sacrifice to the gods or be sacrificed. He is firm in his faith, and Neodamia, awakening to the fact that she is in a pagan temple, declares herself a Christian, too, and refuses the entreaties of her lover to sacrifice to the idol. The Empress enters the Temple and orders the Christian martyrs to be thrown to the lions, and they are dragged away by the lictors. Then comes the terrible Coliseum. On this battle ground Galba awaits the coming of his

adversary, when Neodamia is ushered in the arena and he is ordered to kill her. Galba begs her life from the mob, who, thirsting for blood, give the dreadful verdict of *police vero*, while the Priest of Juno clamors for the lions. To save her from that torture Galba at last consents to kill her, to which she yields in Christian resignation. In arranging her hair to aim the fatal blow, he sees the scar which reveals his own daughter. This discovery induces the Empress to save her, as by the augury "Caesar's fate is in her," while Galba rescues her for the moment by defying the whole populace to mortal combat.

The gloomy walls of the Mamertine prison now contain the unhappy Neodamia, whose escape with Flavian and Galba the Empress comes there to effect. At this critical moment an attack is made on the prison by the insurgent slaves, who, tired of waiting for Galba, have risen under the leadership of Hanno. Escape is impossible, and Galba, under the twofold idea of saving his daughter from outrage at the hands of the mob, and at the same time striking the blow of revenge at Caesar and the Empress, is about to kill her, but recoils in horror from the deed. Hanno, on seeing Galba, demands of him the fulfilment of his oath to strike the blow which, by deciding Caesar's fate, shall secure liberty. Although the Empress on her knees intercedes for the girl's life and sacrifices her own love for Flavian, to whom she appeals, imploring both to flee, Neodamia refuses to accept either life or mortal love, being now wedded to her faith and ready for the immolation. So Galba strikes the blow. The augury proves false, for Caesar lives on. In rage and grief, Galba rushes to stab him, but is mortally wounded. In dying he sees his daughter's spirit ascending to the realms of glory, and illumined by the light of Christ he takes the cross from the Christian priest, expiring in the ecstatic hope of pardon, beside his daughter's corpse, which wears the martyr's smile of radiant peace in death.

This undoubtedly clever adaptation by Leonard Outram from the French of De Saumet is worthy of an extended criticism, which our limited space cannot afford. In summing up the acting of this play we are disposed to arraign Fred Warde personally, as the responsible representative of and for the omissions and commissions of his *dramatis persona*. Of himself we cannot do either our hearts or head or the drama itself, as an art, justice, and yet write of him cursorily or flippantly. In him are the elements of a really great actor. His opportunities and mercurial temperament considered, the wonder is that his faults and crudities are so few, and it is pleasant to find them only the foils to magnificent acting, which now and then flashes all the passion of the role he incarnates; when empty declamation is absorbed in the spontaneity of dramatic genius which singularly belongs to this actor, and which, in our judgment, puts him in the front rank of the tragedians of the day. The just, well-earned, because won by natural acting (as distinguished from noise, spouting, *ad captandum* poses and stage tricks), the splendid ovation which came from the whole audience as he closed the last scene with his daughter in the third act, should teach this gifted man that it is only "the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin." It is, indeed, a pity that a man so talented should seem in danger of adopting a false style to disfigure himself by anything that should remind one of the roaring, howling days of the Bowery. We regret to say that his success of last night was marred by the dramatic sin pointed out, and the male actors all, as if catching the infection from himself, pitched almost all they did, including even the Christian and Pagan Priests alas! on one vociferous, ranting key of acting and declamation, to the damage of the dramatic picture to which each member of the company should contribute. As a marked illustration of this, these actors, when grouped as conspirators, strode, strutted, threw their arms about and woke the echoes with shouts by way of picturing the "whispered secrets of conspiracy."

L. F. Rand, as the Christian priest, and Hy. M. Chester, Priest of Juno, were fairly passable. The lictors needed drilling. Thomas E. Garrick, as Hanno, a slave, did what he had to do with the melodramatic air of the conventional assassin. Emma Wilnot dressed well enough for the part and looked very handsome as the Empress of Rome. Her role gives her fine opportunities, for in it are maternal love, wild passion for a lover who scorns her, hatred of a rival, Imperial ambition, the tiger-like revenge of her sex, a woman's pitiless jealousy, etc. Nearly all this she pitched in a monotonous key, and although in some scenes she displayed the true artist, the picture so sadly lacked light and shade that unreserved praise cannot be accorded to it. To Eugene Blair was entrusted the exquisite and difficult role of Neodamia. This young actress, even under the trying opera-glass, looks as if her eighteenth Summer is to come. Looking at her either when in what Hazlitt calls the "action of repose," or in emotional life, none can wonder that her patrician master becomes, in his turn, her slave. She gave us a living picture of a "pure inner life," of a maiden's modest and indestructible affection for her lover, a daughter's deep devotion, and of a Christian devotee. Miss Blair was warmly called before the curtain, and Mr. Warde, at the close of the third act, at the call of the audience, made a neat, modest speech, thanking his patrons, amid enthusiastic applause.

A fair-sized audience was attracted to see Eli Wheatfield; or, Hunted Down, as presented by Aaron Woodhull and his company at Poole's on Monday. The comedy is in four acts, is of the Joshua Whitcomb order, and is rather cleverly constructed. However, it contains several absurd inconsistencies. The plot deals with the murder of a wealthy banker. Mr. Woodhull assumes the role of Eli Wheatfield, an eighty-year-old Vermont farmer, who comes to New York to visit his nephew, Robert Collington, a bank cashier. The visit is characterized by a rapid succession of amusing incidents, and the old farmer falls an easy prey to innumerable schemes and deceptive allurements, and is made a butt for practical joking. But in the end he emerges as a hero in the prevention of a murder and in the reuniting of the usual "two young and loving hearts." The character is nicely drawn and artistically treated by Mr. Woodhull, who manages to keep well in the foreground its interesting and laughable phases. It is undeniable, however, to invest the part of an eighty-year-old tiller of the soil, on a visit to the Metropolis for the first time in his life, and

who has sniffed its air for a brief hour, with such familiarity with the nauseating slang-phrases of the day. This is certainly in bad form, but it achieves its end—that of provoking laughter.

Wallace Jackson's Senator Joseph Fuller was a refreshing bit of character acting, and he scored next to the star. Percy Florence, as Arthur Murdock, a forger and gambler, displayed talent in an exacting role, and was often applauded. T. W. Babcock was excellent as Knot Martin, a confidence man. The same praise may be given Charlotte Bordeaux in the part of Bella Joslin. The others of the cast were more or less below mediocrity. Eli Wheatfield is to be kept on two weeks.

The Bunch of Keys dispensed mirth and music to a large audience at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday night. Peals and broadsheets of laughter kept time with the merry jingle of the Keys from the rise to the fall of the curtain. The vivacious and versatile Marietta Nash captivated the audience with her clever acting, pleasing singing and nimble-footed dancing. George Lauri, as Snags, and Eugene Canfield, as Grimes, shared the honors with Miss Nash. Ada Stanhope and Marie Bell were charming in their operatic burlesques, and sang several duets in new ballads. T. Murphy was satisfactory in the triple parts of Gilly Spooner, the duke; Col. St. Clair Bray, and Rose Keys. Alexander Bell was amusing as the lightning-rod agent and drummer, and was effective in the quartette singing. William Smith, as the big pugilist in the hotel scene, sustained the part well, and a bout with gloves between him and Snags was warmly approved by the galleries. Next week, Frank Mayo in Nordeck.

Hoodman Blind is drawing large houses to the People's, where its strong situations are observed by appreciative and acclamative auditors. Mr. Howarth as Jack Yeulet gives a powerful performance that thrills and enchants the spectators. The company, as we have before stated, is the best melodramatic organization equipped for the road. It will continue two weeks in its present location.

The Parlor Match is crowding Niblo's this week. In every section of the city this entertainment has been given this season, and everywhere laughter and crowds have been the rule.

Tony Pastor offers another fine specialty bill this week, with variety enough to suit the most exacting taste. There is always good entertainment to be had at this cosy theatre.

Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels gave a splendid performance at the Grand Opera House on Monday. Billy Birch was awfully funny as Margharita. The jokes were not cheastuns, the songs were pretty, and the singers good. The bill was so long and so evenly good that we forbear to particularize. The entertainment is thoroughly pleasing and well carried out.

There is nothing new to write about the jolly entertainment provided at the Bijou. Mr. Goodwin's extravagant fun as Caraway Bones and his clever imitation of Mr. Irving are as enjoyable as ever. Mr. Bishop's explosive Captain, Mr. Hilliard's perplexed young man, Mr. Cootie's dude laugh, and the comely L. F.'s, Fuller and Farrell, are all contributory features in a wildly hilarious performance.

Jim the Penman offers possibly the best illustration of the finished methods of the modern American stage that it has been our privilege to witness. The finesse and polish associated with the most accomplished French players are observable in this representation. Mr. Palmer has never in his honorable and eminent managerial career possessed a corps of artists equal to the present Madison Square company. Their collective talent is dominated by an intelligence that pervades every member of the cast and produces a singularly rare and admirable unity of effort. It is no wonder that the public appreciates this representation at its full value and crowds the theatre week in and out.

The O'Reagans at Harrigan's Park Theatre, with its cluster of clever comedians and its bountiful supply of humorous scenes, incidents and characters, maintains a steady hold on the favor of all classes of play-goers. Its career has been one of remarkable success, and as it draws near its close the interest in it does not flag.

Theodora, the lions and Lillian Olcott are to remain to the end of this week at the Star Theatre.

The Charge of Custer has stimulated renewed interest in Mr. Cody's very diverting and instructive Wild West Show at the Madison Square Garden. The mimic reproduction of the massacre in which the gallant and handsome officer met his death, is thrillingly realistic. It forms a stirring addition to the unique drama of barbarism and civilization.

The School for Scandal has postponed other contemplated revivals at Wallack's, owing to its unexpected drawing power. The Rivals is rehearsed and ready, however, and that may shortly be expected to fill a portion of the time it will take to get Harbor Lights ready.

The Casino is being advertised at Dock-stader's by the burlesque, Our Minnie, while the National Opera troubles come in for a share of attention from the mirth-makers in burlesque. The minstrels are firmly established as a feature among metropolitan amusements.

Tangled Lives is a popular matinee attraction, having the handsome Mantell as a focus-point for feminine opera-glasses. The afternoon performances at the Fifth Avenue are largely attended; and, for the matter of that, so, too, are the nightly representations, al-

though in a lesser degree. Mr. Keller, the author of Tangled Lives, is about to utilize his wide experience in another direction than dramatic composition; a firm of publishers in Fifth Avenue have engaged him to write a book on the game of poker for the benefit of society novices. There are many in this city that can testify to Mr. Keller's qualifications for the projected manual.

Miss Mather finishes her engagement at the Union Square Theatre on Saturday. Then she enters New England to appear for the first time as Lady Giv Sparker in London Assurance and as other heroines in standard comedies. On Monday next, at Mr. Hill's theatre, Helen Hastings, the pretty young English actress who has been squibbed for a fortnight by the daily newspapers, will make her American debut.

The Musical Mirror.

There is no more monotonous task for a writer "who is nothing if not critical" than to be forced, week after week, to chronicle an uncompromising success. He, as well as his readers, get tired of "packed houses," "lavish applause," "floral tributes," "numerous recalls before the curtain," *et cetera, ad nauseam*. And yet this is our unhappy fate ever since Ernie first dawned upon the Casino. For our own sake we could wish that the public ardor would abate so that we might have something new to write about; but the public cares more for its favorite operetta than for our jaded feelings, and refuses to endure any change. Therefore all we can say about Ernie, having been said many times before, we can only keep on repeating, grammatically:

Music. Acting. Play.
Good. Better. Best.

The German Opera company has given us some fine examples of dramatic singing during the past week, but nothing new has been produced since Merlin, which we reviewed in our last issue. Seidl has shown us over and over again what a real conductor of dramatic music should be—steady, but not rigid; firm, but not obstinate; obliging, but not weakly lenient—a man who not only appreciates the intention of the composer whom he interprets, but has the power of impressing that appreciation on his subordinates. Such a one is Seidl. Such a one is not Thomas, who, strict disciplinarian and sterling musician though he be, is not a really good operatic conductor. Walter Damrosch is profiting by his opportunities and by the example of his great principal, and has done some very good work of late. The artists employed in the orchestra, as well as those whose functions are on the stage, have done their duty earnestly, zealously and capably. Indeed the instrumental part of the performances could not be bettered much, because one cannot improve upon perfection. The singers are excellent in their own school, that of declamatory vocalism, and appear to best advantage in the music of Wagner and his disciples. But in those operas that approach the classic school, their lack of the true old Italian *bell canto*, and their open mouthed method of delivery, mars the vocal effect. No one can serve two masters. Who would excel on the violin must not play baseball, and who would triumph in Mozart or Gounod must avoid Wagner. Music owes a heavy debt to the promoters and carriers-out of this opera company, as all who remember the slipshod way in which musical dramas were wont to be given in this town will be glad to admit.

John White, the well-known organist, gave the fifth of his admirable organ recitals at Chickering Hall on Friday last. He was assisted by Madame Voegrich, prima donna, the soprano, and Max Voegrich, composer, a piano soloist. Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A Minor was steadily and effectively played by the giver of the feast, showing the true organ touch and thorough fugue style of playing. The prayer from Wagner's Tannhauser was exquisitely sung by Mme. Voegrich, who possesses a pure bright soprano of absolutely certain intonation, and a power of crescendo and diminuendo we have never heard surpassed even by the most renowned singers. Scarlatti's Fugue was played by John White in Silo Anico, and was thoroughly relished by all who know a good thing when they hear it, which was not all the audience present, by a large majority. The Gavotte Hongroise by Max Voegrich is not only a clever, piquant composition, but an admirable vehicle for the brilliancy of the performer, who fairly made the piano sparkle. The Staccato Caprice is also a marvel of beauty of form, sprightliness of expression, and excellence of treatment, and was exquisitely played. Mme. Voegrich, in the Nocturne, from Meyerbeer's Les Huguenots, hit the taste of the folk present—a centre shot. John White wound up the performance by a very fine sonata called The Recluse, which he played with rare skill and a rich blending of stops.

Koster and Bial's burlesque, their Vanquishing Lady, the Violist and other specialties are doing a splendid business, and not only doing it, but deserving to do it. If success wait upon effort they will not lag behind.

Dockstader's Minstrels are full every night—not the minstrels, but the hall. The minstrels are only full of melody—from 8:30 till 11. After that the deponent saith not. The music is excellent; the band deserves especial praise, and Dewey ought to have a paragraph to himself for his fine tone, correct phrasing and perfect intonation.

Edward Stone's excellent band of string and wind instruments did good service at the York Club's last performance of Irene Ackerman's Gold Mine, and their good music was a feature of the evening, covering up, like charity, a multitude of (vocal) sins.

Marie Salvotti announces her grand concert for Feb. 18 under the patronage of the members of St. Leo's Church. Marie Salvotti is one of the very few soprano soloists before the public, and her noble voice has made her well-known to all who are judges of good singing.

The Giddy Gusher.



I have been giving advice to women about writing letters, and keeping letters written to them, for some years past. I think it quite in order to hand this good counsel round to the men since reading the disclosures of the Jeffreys Lewis divorce case.

What on earth do folks want to keep old love letters for? They never did any good, except in Bronson Howard's dear little one-act play, that I ever heard of, and in nine cases out of six they do a world of harm.

The papers are full of divorce cases, and every divorce case bristles with love letters that have been kept for no earthly reason but to make trouble.

A love-letter when hot is as good as a buck-wheat cake; but it's a miserable thing as soon as it's cold. If your love survives the writer's, it must be wretchedness itself to re-read them when the fire's gone out and the hearthstone's cold. If you have "soured" on the sender, the letters are merely dangerous. In any event it's madness to preserve such missives; but some persons have a fatal gift that way.

I remember a woman coming to me nearly bald and almost toothless after gnashing and tearing twenty-four hours over a discovery her husband had made. He had found a package of letters in the private rubbish of his wife, written by some friend of his, and a circus of the most aggravated calibre had taken the road in consequence.

"What on earth did you keep those letters for?" I asked.

"I don't know," sobbed the woman; "I was on the point of destroying 'em a dozen times."

The next best trick to that of never writing love letters is the one of destroying 'em.

Every one in New York knew the "umbrella man," as Mr. Cochran, one of Miss Lewis' earliest admirers was always called. He is a large, pulpy man, who eternally suggested boiled rice-pudding to me. Jeff would wander in her engagements and affections, but the instant she reached New York the "umbrella man," with unimpaired devotion, was on hand like the mitten she gave him so frequently.

The letters of Frank Kilday and Walter Lennox do not surprise one much. They come from actors; and if there is one thing actors love to do it is to write love letters.

Rose Coghlan has one from a gushing leading man in this city. She used to paste her mash letters in a book for the amusement of her friends. I believe the letter I refer to had been written after the first interview, which had been a conventional one of short duration. But the charms of Rose took effect on the impressionable creature, who came to this country and went back (that time) on the same ship. During that American week, however, he fell distractedly in love repeatedly, and in the case of Rose he rushed into ink spasms and let loose the whole menagerie of his affections on her.

A love-letter comes as easy to an actor as a flea to a cat, and gives as much uneasiness. But a love letter of Leavitt must be a surprise to his warmest enemies. To think of that cynical cuss fretting over the forgetfulness of a woman, begging for telegrams to ease his suspicions, and sending "sweet kisses." Dear me! This sort of thing was not expected of Mr. M. B. Leavitt. As an agent of the tender passion he is the last man I should suppose Cupid would select. And the public is wholly unprepared for this new development. What the next divorce case will divulge no one can tell. Certainly no one knows who will be involved.

In speaking of the fatal trick of keeping letters, peculiar to both sexes, I must tell you of one funny instance.

A very jolly couple lived for many years about as comfortable as the run of married people do. The woman was the most unsuspecting creature imaginable, and the man made such protestations of enduring devotion and was at home so much that it never occurred to the woman that the man might be just like the rest of 'em.

They were living in a flat at this particular time I refer to, and above 'em was the sick, sorriest little stick of a woman one ever saw. She was an unattractive, unhealthy, simpering nonentity, the mother of some pining infants and the wife of a well-meaning but unpleasant looking little man.

The unsuspecting wife down stairs would never have dreamed that this creature could please her high-toned Ebenezer but for an explosion that took place one day, a tale that dreadful little deceived husband told her about the visits of Ebenezer to the ugly one's Summer residence. Then she got her eyes open,

and looking round, behold! under her very nose was a flagrant and terrible scandal. My friend was no Lily-of-the-valley, and, dearly as she loved the faithless Ebenezer, she fired him out of the home he had failed to appreciate.

Then she set to work to destroy all traces of his existence during the period of his unfaithfulness. She was cleaning out an old escritoire of her own which he had used exclusively, and she came upon a letter from the miserable little man who had the ugly wife. It enclosed a letter of Ebenezer's addressed to that wife, which the husband had found and in a meek sort of wrath answered and returned. Ebenezer's letter to the female was an appointment and the usual reference to the delights of past hours.

It was an idiotic, compromising document, but Ebenezer, like the blooming chump he was in many things, pigeonholed it carefully to come up in a divorce court.

In another part of this piece of furniture she came upon a couple of notes from some frail unknown asking "Darling Ebenezer" to get there earlier than the times agreed as she was afraid some mysterious "he" would be "home to dinner" and she wanted an entire afternoon with "her pet."

Well, the pet kept those sweet scented billets doux, and only that madam is one of the women who waste no time in law he would have suffered before this. She has had marriage experience enough for one lifetime. She don't want another husband, and he as yet don't want another wife; but some day the courts may get hold of 'em, and then I suppose I shall read Ebenezer's letters in print. In the meantime I advise the men, as well as the women, to destroy their correspondence of an amatory character.

From the night I got painted like the monkey, a nice sky blue on the new seats at Dockstader's Minstrels, until last week I have never been to that place. But when I thought of negro minstrelsy, reviewed my early experience and remembered with regret the nights when Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour and Unsworth made merry in the hall now occupied by Koster and Bial, I made up my mind that it was pleasanter to remember the old minstrel than to see the new. But something happened to take me to the Dockstader show one evening last week, and hereafter if THE MINSTREL needs the Gusher between the hours of eight and ten P. M. her permanent address is Aisle Seat A No. 1, Dockstader's Minstrel Hall. She thinks of having a rocking-chair sent down and taking her knitting work.

The music there is the best that any troupe ever produced in New York, and Lew Dockstader is one of the funniest men that ever drifted into negro minstrelsy. From beginning to end the programme is selected with taste and performed with ability. I'm delighted at my discovery. It's the sort of discovery the old lady thought she'd made when she was shown how to toe off a stocking. Thousands had made it before her, but it pleased her all the same.

I contemplate so many poor performances drawing fairly well that the fact that Dockstader was staying in New York and playing to good business proved nothing. But let us one recall (as so many people do) the defunct minstrelsy attractions of the past. We've got at Dockstader's as good a show as the old bands ever gave us, and there's nothing more agreeable or amusing than a first-class minstrel entertainment.

I'm a "Boon Gah Anabiggee" brother. It's a beginning. All the days of my life I have wished I was otherwise. I have envied the condition of man, his clubs and his lachryms, and "everything that is his."

All at once I receive notice that I am a member of a Male Association, a He Club. I read the names of my fellow members. They are a much mixed gang. William M. Everts is shoulder to shoulder with Nat G. Olin. Chauncy Depew, D. x and Robert Ingersoll are a fine trio to fall in with. John A. McCull and Tom O'hiltree—and now the Gusher is a Brother, "entitled to all the contingencies." She's a Boomerang now, and as far as she's got likes it. Her President is Knox of that funny and successful paper, Texas Siftings. Her Treasurer is Frank Siddalls, the "Don't be a clown" man, with lots of soap. She doesn't understand anything of the mysterious language in which her membership ticket is clothed. The strange titles are probably Indian, but they are Greek to her. And that encourages her. You get a man to tell you what the Mystic Shrine of the North Star is all about. You ask questions about the Schleswig-Holstein business. You find out what he means by political economy, platforms and policies. You see how many of 'em understand the secret society or political affairs with which they are connected.

My very ignorance proves me a worthy brother. Army Knox made no mistake when he constituted me a member. As a sister of anything I might not amount to much. As a brother I'll prove a great success, and the Boon Gah Anabiggee party will be proud of me.

Speaking of secret societies, I know of no better one than the Brotherhood of the Elevated Roads. From the boxes in conclave to the conductors on the platforms, they band together to keep the outside public in abject ignorance of their profound schemes.

On Tuesday night, at seven o'clock, the accident on the Sixth avenue "L" road occurred. It was known to One Hundred and Fifty fifth street that no cars passed Fifth ninth street station, and that for hours the trains leaving all uptown stations could not make a landing at the Fifty-ninth street platform.

At 8 o'clock, when trains were crowded with people going to theatres, at the Seventy-second street station, if the conductors had told those passengers they could get off and take a surface car till they passed the blocked portion, thousands would have been able to keep engagements and saved an evening of discomfort and annoyance.

But they didn't. They rattled merrily past the station, knowing that their trains would hang in midair for hours between that station and the next. It was no surprise to the conductor when his train stopped. He rather enjoyed the discomfort of the passengers. To their troubled questions he answered, "It's a block. You know as much as I do."

You got no attention. You asked the rascal if it was safe to try walking the towpath

of open boards and clinging to the hand-rail. "He didn't know anything about it."

At the station, in the ticket-offices, the same brutal indifference to the passengers was displayed. And I for one don't remember meeting as many hogs on one road since I met a consignment of Western pork on the Pan Handle and Coal Hod Railroad.

The people ought to take up this affair, and the company be made to put out bulletins at every station when passage is suspended at any point, that the public may take this means to reach their destinations, and not be imprisoned in their blamed old cars for hours against their wills.

I started for the Lyceum at five minutes of eight from the Ninety-third street station. It had been known then for three quarters of an hour that a derailed engine and baggage car was lying directly across the tracks at Fifty-third street. No one told me I could go no further than Fifty-ninth street and wouldn't be able to reach that station till after nine. Oh, no! Get on board, little children; you pay your money and you have no choice.

I laid up on the rails between Seventy second street and Fifty ninth until half past nine, then took a Fifty ninth street cross-town to Fourth avenue, and the Fourth avenue down to the Lyceum, just in time to see two doleful acts of that very wretched piece of business, Met by Chance.

I am very sorry to see any effort of Helen Dauvray's go amiss. She is such a plucky, intelligent, indefatigable little manageress. She is such an unaffected, frank and sincere woman. She is such an ambitious, painstaking, earnest actress, and withal so liberal in outlay and generous in endeavor that it is a pleasure to see her hit the bull's eye every time. I rejoiced at the success with which she produced the Scrap of Paper, and hop d better things of her new play by Howard than I had seen in his present play.

Perhaps it was at a good time that I was forced to stop in the Elevated car. I only saw two drivelling acts of the new piece—splendidly mounted, gorgeously costumed. It was a positive pain to see them. Helen Dauvray is not the woman to rehearse such a drama and not realize its defects and weakness. But she was forced to go on, having once gone in. Therefore, it was with real sympathy I looked at her, dressing and redressing in one act, climbing and scrambling through another, and struggling with a faint heart, wearied spirit and body through the whole of 'em.

Poor girl! Twitch it off; put your little money down as lost and pull up on something else. You have established a reputation for capital management, careful production, and unbounded generosity; you are firmly seated on the throne of popular favor, and you want to look at the repeated failures of other managers and pay little attention to this setback. Every one wishes you success especially your friend,

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

P. S.—The latest development of the Ebenezer case has just reached me. It will keep—but not long.

Gossip of the Town.



Above we present a portrait of that excellent actress, Caroline Hill, who has not been seen so often lately as we should like. Miss Hill is an accomplished artist whose experience and achievements have been many.

Lester and Allen, the minstrel team, have separated after a partnership of many years.

Bertha Ricci has left McCaull's company and will shortly join the Casino road organization.

Joseph Mack is negotiating for the play of Charles XII., in which Herr Barnay, the German tragedian, has just made a great hit.

Quite a number of professionals were present at the ball of the Fifth Avenue Hotel Employees at Irving Hall last Friday evening.

Lillian Grubb and Flora Irwin have been engaged for the forthcoming production of the opera of Pippins at the Bijou Opera House.

Nat Goodwin and his company will begin a Summer season on the road in May, and will open at Hooley's Theatre in Chicago on July 10.

Lola Fuller has added her name to the list of volunteers to appear at the Actors' Fund Benefit at the Casino next Thursday afternoon, Jan. 20.

Work has been stopped on the New Hennepin Avenue Theatre, Minneapolis, owing to a cold snap which has sent the mercury down 22 degrees below zero.

Evans and Hoey will produce their new play, A Reign of Terror, by Grattan Donnelly, a Philadelphia journalist, at the Bijou Opera House in May next.

The half interest held by Frank Sanger in Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, has been sold by him to R. M. Hooley, the arrangement to go into effect after July 1.

The delegation to the Convention of the Zeta Psi Fraternity, 130 strong, visited the Bijou Opera House on Thursday night last to see Turned Up and Those Bells.

M. A. Kennedy, of the Private Secretary company, has received an offer from Dion Boucicault to create a role in his new play to be produced in Boston on Jan. 24.

Addie Cora Reed has been engaged by Rudolph Aronson for the Casino road company, and will shortly join the company to take the part formerly played by Manola.

Fred Dubois has secured the rights to A Wall Street Bandit formerly held by Atkins Lawrence, and will open his season at Williamsburgh next Monday night.

Harry Miner and James W. Collier are arranging for an elaborate spectacular production of The Last Days of Pompeii at the People's Theatre the latter part of March.

On Feb. 1 David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille begin work on a new American play for the Lyceum Theatre, which opens with a stock company about the middle of October next.

The present engagement of Evans and Hoey in the Parlor March at Niblo's Garden is their last in the city this Winter. They have played in every combination house in the city but two.

Settie Blime, announced as a "dramatic, descriptive, dialect and humorous reader," will be heard on Wednesday evening next at Chickering Hall in a miscellaneous programme.

Augusta Van Doren, a graduate of the Boston Museum company, will star next season in a new play of fashionable New York society, written for her by a prominent journalist of this city.

Daisy Dore, formerly of the Lyceum Theatre, is reported to have taken Kathryn Kidder's part in Held by the Enemy during the illness of the latter in Chicago, and to have made quite a hit.

Robert Fraser has completed a handsome water color painting of Nat Goodwin as Caraway Bones in Turned Up, which has been placed on exhibition in front of the Bijou Opera House.

The first full rehearsal of Harrigan's new play, McNooney's Vrit, took place at the Park Theatre on Monday, and the probabilities are that the piece will be produced the last Monday in January or early next month.

Tony Pastor's new company, which will take the road in April, will comprise Harry and John Kernell, reunited; the three Phoebes, George Parker, the Clipper Quartette, the Juliens, Rose and Martin; Joe Hart, Tom and Bertie Brantford and others.

Julia Anderson has returned to the city from Long Branch, where she spent a few weeks. Illness in her family has prevented Miss Anderson from accepting several offers to travel. She is only desirous at present of acting in or near New York.

A new theatre, the Roumania Opera House, was opened at what was formerly known as the National Theatre Nos 104 and 106 Bowery, last Friday evening, with a performance of the operetta of Rashi, by the new Hebrew Operetta company from Roumania.

Salsbury's Troubadours—that devoted and delightful band of fun-makers—will be seen in The Humming Bird at the Star Theatre, on Feb. 7. Mr. Salsbury is to play an old-time actor manager, Joseph Brass. Miss McHenry is to be a stage struck chambermaid, Sally Styles.

The following people appear at Tony Pastor's Theatre next Monday night: Charles V. Seaman, late of Seaman, Somers and Girard Brothers; Clipper Quartette, Tierney and Wayne, Cardella and Vidella, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Allen, Lester Howard, Ada Melrose, Musical Dale, the two De Haases and Andrew Gaffney.

The Red Fox season at Poole's Theatre came to a close on Saturday night. It had been proposed to run the play four weeks. There was some trouble in the company over salaries. With this Manager Poole had nothing to do, but he made himself responsible for a certain percentage that the season might not come to too abrupt a close.

Beatrice Lieb's interests in various Colorado mines yield her a handsome income. A third interest in one mine has yielded a profit of \$300 a month for the past year and a half. No matter how successful she may be in mining speculations, Miss Lieb will not relax in her preparations for her starring tour in Infatuation, in which she is now in the midst.

Gus Mortimer signed with John Stetson on last Thursday by which his stars, Louis James and Marie Wainwright, will produce Virginia at the Globe Theatre, Boston, on Monday, Jan. 21, in grand style, running it for a full week. The time is that left open for the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera. The play will be produced with new scenery and costumes.

J. K. Emmet, who has been in the city for almost a month will resume his season at Albaugh's Grand Opera House, Washington, next Monday. On Feb. 21 he will begin a long engagement at the Standard Theatre in this city, appearing in his old play, which has been entirely reconstructed, Fritz, Our Cousin German. The following new songs, written by himself, will then be heard for the first time: "The Mistletoe," "Down by the Old Green Lane," "True Dog," "I love Thee," "The Ragamuffin's Lullaby," "He is Winking," etc.

A special communication of New York Lodge, No. 330, F. and A. M. was held in the Tuscan Room of the Masonic Temple on Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of initiating Charles Evans and William Hoey, of the Parlor Match company, into the second, or Fidelity degree of Freemasonry. Quite a large number of professional Freres Masons were present, among those noticed being Nat C. Goodwin, Harry Mann, Billy Rice, Tony Pastor, Harry Sandersen, Tony Hart, Banks Winter, Bert Shepherd, Charles F. Warner and J. S. Dunham.

On Monday night, just as the curtain was about to go up on the first act of Evangeline at the Grand Opera House in Newark, an attachment for \$80 was served on the box-office, and the officers of the law secured the heifer and the balloon. The attachment had been sworn out by a Mr. Bragaw who had been employed on the Morning Press, of Newark, before he had listened to Manager Rice's promises of salary as comedian for one of his companies, and the money was claimed to be due for services rendered. Manager Tillotson concluded to pay the amount and the performance went on.

Harry B. Bell, who was originally cast for the part of the drummer in The Commercial Tourist's Bride, and who made quite a hit of the part on its first presentation, left Agnes Herndon's company without notice last week, sending word to Manager Joseph A. Jessel that he had an engagement with Mr. Palmer to play Herbert Kelcey's part in Saints and Sinners. Cedric Hope, however, who had secured the right to the play from Mr. Palmer, had selected the part for himself, and as the part of the drummer had been filled in the meanwhile by Frank Lane, late of Robert Downing's company, Mr. Bell found himself out of a position.

CINCINNATI.

Between Acts: With Laura Bellini, Helen Vos Donnell and Lydia O'Neill, all prominent actresses in the off-Broadway scene, *The Gypsy* is running for a week, and Marie Prescott, a brilliant star, at *Harvard* is fair to conclude that Cincinnati talent is rapidly catching to the front.—One of the rumors now being given is that the *Wings* (a new play by the same author) is meeting with little success that his talent will be transferred to a rival manager at an early date. The rumor is questionable, clearly without basis, as the *Wings* manager, from *ferocious* to *romantic*, is a scribe, who finds it difficult to determine the dividing line between the real and unreal.—While not amazing current fortunes daily, the local managers are, one and all, considerably better off than in the previous season, and over the outcome of the present season.

NEW ORLEANS.

BALTIMORE.

ST. LOUIS.

Eben Plympton, as Jack, in the drama of that name, drew good houses last week. As a picture of Bohemian life was very pretty. Mr. Plympton gave a good rendition of the part. Gertrude E. Brown, as the mother, Madge Heskett, carried in for a share of the honors. Charles Kent as Noel Blake, John E. Bancroft as Smyth and the Baby Blanchemayne of Josie Hall are worthy of special mention. **Carlton Opera this week: Effie Ellsler 16.**

Siberia, at the Olympic, week, drew good houses. Wilson Barr[—] his week; large advance sale.

Pope's run of closed last week. Frank Daniels

CHICAGO.

SAN FRANCISCO.

and Kitty Belmont in the party.—Reklaw, which is the backwards for Walker, the contortionist of the Howland Specialty Co., created a sensational impression at the Bush last night.—Openings occurred at three places last night: Edwin Thorne in the Bag Flag, at the California; The McGibben Family of musicians at the Alcazar; and the Adams Family at the Bush.—The Adams—Alice Harmon went to see Almore last night.—Deceived, Friday night. She didn't see it, but enjoyed every minute of Mam'selle.—This is the cast for last night: Jack Sheppard, which opens at the Alcazar 10; John van Wild, Chasley Reed; Bluekin; L. K. Stockwell; Mendes, George Osborne; Sir Rowland Treachant; Harry Mordant; Thomas Darrell; Carrie Godfrey; J. Wood; J. M. Long; Kneebone; Annie Adams; Captain

PHILADELPHIA

BROOKLYN

week, to arrange a date with Fred Park. Harry Jackson, who plays the Jew in Little's World, talks of producing Charles Reade's Never Too Late to Mend. Charles R. Thorpe and Fannie Montcastle, of this city, propose going on a starring tour through small towns, a repertoire of popular plays.—Walter Stanchfield.

JERSEY CITY AND HOBOKEN.

LOUISVILLE.

Shorter Opera House (Edward Dickson, manager)
Pharazyn, the illusionist 3-5 did a small business. H

Slides: The prince of showmen, the Hon. P. T. Barnum, has had constructed upon grounds near the Winter garden of the Central Park, a new

bogged aside for the benefit and amusement of our people. The Mirror correspondent tried a side for the first time. Members of the company tried it last week and all vote it the biggest kind of a go.

WATERBURY.

Jacques Opera House (McNish, Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels, delighted one of the largest audiences of the season 7. Lawrence, and his excellent co. played good Frenches da Rimini, before a large and fashionable audience 7.

People's Theatre (A. David, manager): Edith Sinclair and co. in A Box of Cash 5-7. Good houses.

MERIDEN.

Opera House (T. H. Delevan, manager): McNish, Slavin and Johnson's Minstrels 3; large and well-pleased. Balabrega in "Modern Miracles" 6-8. Emma Lyndon, Emilie Sells, Fritz Young and Balabrega were loudly applauded in their acts.

Item: C. W. Littlefield, of Balabrega co., met with a mishap. While climbing a rope in the wings a knot parted, and he fell some fifteen feet, striking on his head. He was removed to his good. His attending physician thinks he is now out of danger.

DANBURY.

Opera House (F. A. Shear, manager): Edith Sinclair in A Box of Cash amused fair audiences 3-4. Both star and support are very good. McNish, Slavin and Johnson's Minstrels 6-8.

SOUTH NORWALK.

Music Hall (F. M. Knapp, manager): McNish, Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels; \$400 house. The attractions at this house so far this season have been very few, but have had a No. 1 money every time and I understand the bookings are very scant.

Item: The busy season is just opening in all the hat concerns, and good houses will be the result.

HARTFORD.

Opera House (Charles A. Wing, manager): Louis Aldrich in My Partner, first half of the week, drew good-sized audiences. Charles A. Gardner in Karl, the Peddler, filled in remainder of week to fair business.

Allye Hall: Wilson and Rankin's Minstrels 7-8; light audiences throughout the week. A Sunday night concert was given, but did not prove a drawing card. A large fire, which threatened the entire business part of the city, was in progress all day Sunday, and no doubt attracted many who would otherwise have attended the concert.

American Theatre: May Adams' Burlesque co. opened at this house 10 to week.

DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON.

Academy of Music (Smith and Askin, managers): The Nevelles in The Boy Trump, played to large houses 3-5. Keller opened for a week.

Grand Opera House (J. K. Baylis, manager): Oliver Bryon's Inside Track 3; fair house. The Little Tycoon, 4, drew an immense audience and was given in good style. Mixed Pickles 5; good performance to rather light house. John T. Raymond 15.

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New Opera House (William Dolan, manager): Muggs' Landing played to good audience.

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Grand Opera House (R. M. Washburn, manager): Edie Elliser in Woman Against Woman 5; small but very enthusiastic audiences. A genuine Iowa blizzard prevailed. Ezra Kendall (return), 14.

DES MOINES.

Foster's Opera House (William Foster, manager): Mattie Vickers, in Jacqueline and Cherub, to splendid houses, 1-3.

Booked: Charles E. Verner, 17-18; Lizzie Evans, 20; Corneil Opera co. 24-25.

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KENTUCKY.

PADUCAH.

Morton Opera House (John Quigley, proprietor): Lilly Clay's Gaiety co. 4; largest house of the season.

MAINE.

PORLAND.

Theatre: Supported by a good company, George C. Miln would be a success. But a Fool's Revenge and Richard III are too big pieces for such a company as that supporting Mr. Miln. The latter is a very good actor, but the co. is not numerous, and merits, save those of the star, very scant. A even he gave himself in the act of the scene with Richmond, when, because of the act of applause, he exclaimed, "Don't wake up!" which the few in the audience, replied, "Oh, die!" which

week of 3 at 10-30-30. Light plays; fair-sized audiences.

QUINCY.

Opera House (P. A. Marbo, manager): The Ezra Kendall co. New Year's in A Pair of Kids. Large audience. The support is good, particularly Arthur and Jennie Dunn. The McCaul Opera co. appeared 3 in The Black Hussar and had a very enjoyable performance before a good house.

STERLING.

Academy of Music (Chamberlin Brothers, manager): Switzer Comedy co. 3, week. Fair houses at hard-pan prices.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS.

The New York Casino Opera co. produced Ernie at the Grand 3-5. The houses were flatter, indeed. Ernie brought more money to the box-office than any other of this season's attractions at regular prices. The opera is new here, but hard work on bill-boards and newspapers brought a tremendous opening night. Of the cast, Marion Manola and Belle Urquhart carried the honors. Fred Solomon is a new comedian to us, but one whose abilities will find a ready market for a comedy of his own. The chorus lacks the drill and strength of the Carleton co., but was handsomely costumed and behaved. Mm. Jansauk filled the week with Meg Merrilies and Mother and Son. The attendance was not great. Elen Flynn, in Jack, 12-13.

At English's, 6-8, Clio was given at popular prices. The attendance was not what Manager Brown expected, but was above the average. Clio has not been improved since last season. Burleigh is a good successor to Atkins Lawrence, but none of the cast could be named in the superlative. The ballet was represented by seven 150-pound fairies. Marie Prescott, 17-19.

The Museum has seen houses that always reach an elevated standard. No matter what the attraction, the house is filled, and it holds lots of people. Frank I. Frayne, with trained dogs, was the attraction. John W. Ransom, 10, week; Baker and Kernell, 17, week; Neil Burgess, 24, week.

Eden Musee: The work done by Professor Belmont, in furnishing the Museum with wax attractions, has been his best. Figures and faces of prominent local people are acceptable.

Zoo: The announcement that the Zoo will reopen again has a venerable favor, but must be repeated. This time Samuels and Forepaugh will try their luck with a one-cent circus. First quarter is paid in advance, but here the funds seem to have been exhausted.

Elbow Shots: The Museum has been given a new drop-curtain. The Lyra (local) will produce Ernie in February. The Indianapolis Opera co., with Charles Foster, star, has been organized under the management of L. V. McIntyre. It is the intention to play only surrounding county-seats—Manager Talbot is arranging a grand party to occur on one of his Southern Indiana farms. If Sackett is being paid in the State building, soon to be vacated, for a museum property, he is keeping quiet about it.

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caused a great laugh, as the curtain fell on Richard's death. A. M. Fisher, as Lord Stanley, was laughed at whenever he made a mistake. Richard's death was a comedy. Small audiences; press review of whole company.

City Hall: Leland Powers, in a fine programme, assisted by Louise Baldwin, a talented and handsome soprano, were the attractions in the Stockbridge Course 5.

Points: Sol Smith Russell appears in his new creation, at City Hall 13-15. Wilson and Rankin's Minstrels come 14. The musical part of the Cosmopolitan Club have organized an opera co., and under H. E. Duncan's direction are to do the Chimes of Normandy.

M. W. Higgins, who has for thirty years been connected with the Argosy, and a large part of that time as dramatic critic, has gone over to the silent majority, and a legion of friends mourn his demise.—Theatrical news is scarce.—The general publisher of the Express collapsed when Mills exclaimed, "Don't wake up!"

Some of the Cosmopolitan have been doing the photographers.—The Bennett and Moulton Opera co. is being victimized by an unauthorized agent.—The Sheriff interviewed the last of the stage during George C. Miln's engagement.—Papa Perichon is to be done here shortly by amateurs.

Opera House (Frank A. Owen, manager): George C. Miln, as Richard III, in A Fool's Revenge 3, and as Richard III, 4; small business. Wilson and Rankin 15, Ullic Akerman 16, week.

Item: Gregory's Pantomime failed to appear at the People's Theatre last week. There is a controversy here as to who arranged the music for the Harmonium Minstrels, a local organization, which recently gave a fine entertainment at the Opera House, and Zeph W. Pease, of the N. B. Mercury, wrote the affair up in a manner that has kept the musical fraternity, as well as others, who enjoy a rich thing, on the broad grin. I fear we shall not long have the gifted journalist with us, as his wife is said to be leaving him for the States.

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NEW YORK MIRROR

The Organ of the Theatrical Managers and Dramatists of America.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE, EDITOR

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Whelan, M. M. (a)

* * The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Notice to Correspondents.

Correspondents who have not returned their 1886 credentials are requested to do so at once. The cards of authorization for 1887 are now being issued.

We Wait for Him.

Some time ago a discussion took place in the columns of THE MIRROR between Henry Arthur Jones, the well-known playwright, of England, and Manager Clifton W. Taylure. Mr. Taylure, it will be remembered, alleged that diseased English melodrama had throttled the American drama and that our authors had no chance of a fair hearing with the public across the sea. Mr. Jones replied with a temperate plea for melodrama, acknowledged the state of international dramatic affairs pictured by Mr. Taylure, and expressed the belief that, although it had been a long time coming, America would have a modern drama of its own before England. The writer asserted, among other things regarding the prevalent stage realism, that "a palpably wooden pump is less offensive on the stage than a palpably wooden man."

Our esteemed Boston contemporary, the Transcript, takes this discussion as the text for a half column of editorial observations, and holds that there is opportunity enough to provide plays to suit all tastes. Says the Transcript:

So let those that like it have the melodrama which deals with the persecution of the poor farmer's daughter by the rich squire's son, and with all the trappings of stage carpentry, that by a convulsive twisting and turning of trees and houses and other suggestions of an earthquake, causes great tracts of land to melt away and houses to disappear, while in their place come great stretches of sea or gorgeously furnished drawing-rooms; but admitting that such shows have their reason of being, we may still ask why they should be so exclusively English? Why must the scenes be laid in Lockley Hall and Hawthorne Cottage, with an occasional glance at Whitechapel? Are we so destitute of fine estates or picturesque villages, or even of horridly gloomy slums, that we must look to England for the supply of these accessories of the modern drama? And, surely, we have instances enough of oppression practised by the strong and wicked on the weak and virtuous to furnish material for a fear-compelling drama. Nor may we depend altogether on the unromantic present for our plays. The three or four hundred years that have passed since adventures landed on our shores and began the work of creating a nation which has filled with its events the records of which should give an ingenious dramatist hints for plays without number. Not until these are employed, as records and traditions of their own country were employed by all the great dramatists, shall we have a national drama. * * * The element of romance is not to be entirely disregarded. And there is also something of a need that the theatre shall be made to serve, to some extent, as a school of history, as well as a mirror of the times.

We do not believe that the foundation of an American drama must needs be built with plays dealing in national events. Good dramas are the kind that are wanted—good dramas by native writers—presenting human scenes and characters irrespective of locale. The great elemental passions that have abided in mankind's breast in all times and places

—society's complex conditions—these are the materials which our dramatists, like those of European countries, must employ if they would command attention and respect. Just now the public demand appears to be for photographic products; the playwright with the camera has pushed the playwright with the palette to the wall.

We do not agree with the Transcript that when the good American play is ready, its production will be difficult to secure, and we dispute the inference contained in the statement that "the American manager hesitates when the American author brings him an American play." When the good play is forthcoming the avenue to representation will be found direct enough.

It is an actual fact, as anybody who has examined into the subject can bear witness, that the majority of MS. plays submitted for managerial consideration are not worth the paper they are written on. Under the circumstances managers are not altogether to blame if they are skeptical, or if they incline to the easy expedient of securing popular successes second-hand. We know that there are managers in plenty with sufficient brains and wisdom to welcome the American dramatist with open arms—when he comes. Unfortunately, every scribbler imagines himself to be that long-expected individual. The woods are therefore full of embryo dramatists who rend the air with their cries and protests against the critical appreciation and the mental calibre of the managerial fraternity.

The Question of Dress.

The Lancaster Intelligencer editorially endorses THE MIRROR'S suggestion that the cost of expensive dresses shall be borne by managers. "It should be taken up by the philanthropists who are constantly striving to improve the moral tone of the stage," says our contemporary. "The effect would be that talent would become more essential to success, and less would depend upon elaborate and expensive costumes."

Many a weak and helpless young woman owes her ruin to the necessity of somehow procuring the money wherewith to respond to the demands of the time for "sumptuous" stage wear, and of competing with more fortunate and less gifted rivals. In order to effect a gradual and general reform it behooves some of the leading managers to take the initiative and set a conspicuous example in this matter.

Bell-Wethers.

Rabelais, the author and originator of all modern humor, says that, if one sheep jump over a fence, the whole flock will follow him; and this inclination to follow the leader is just as strong with the human creature as with the sheep. Very few people have the courage of their opinions. They will rather take any man's word than their own.

Especially in the world of art does this rule govern, and in music more than all. Not one in a thousand dares to think for himself, and not one in a million dares to say what he thinks. From this weakness arises the various "schools," as they are called—"flocks," as they should be denominated. There is the Italian flock, of which the bell-wether is, at present, Verdi; the German flock, of which the bell-wether is, now, Wagner; the French flock, with Meyerbeer for the leader, and the English flock, of which Sullivan is in the van.

Each of these bell-wethers has only to jump, and after him huddles and jostles a whole herd of unreasoning animals who call themselves "disciples," and not one of whom would have the temerity to call his soul his own in musical matters. The Italian sheep b-a-a lustily against the German; the German rams butt vigorously and venomously at the Italian, and both kick up their heels at the French and English. Just at present the German has the strongest horns and the loudest voice, and is butting the others out of the field.

When a school of music depends upon pure voices and true method, it is not to be marvelled at that in default of these essentials the school should decline, and—except Patti—what prima donna of the true bell canto have we left? Not one. But when Patti sings who ever hears a complaint of Italian music? Not one. Unfortunately, one swallow cannot make a Summer, nor one singer a school.

The German, seeing the lack of real singers, has taken a new departure, and relies on declamation and orchestration. When these conditions are fulfilled satisfactorily—all are content; but that is no reason for howling against the Italian. The truth is that both have their merit and that an independent mind can admire and enjoy each in turn.

But who who can be pleased with even the celestial harmony of the spheres, if the spheres be cracked and out of tune? Or with the sound and fury of a great orchestra, if the musicians be at variance with the key? Italian song is delightful when it is song and not squalling, and German declamation is grand when it is declamation and not bellowing.

Then let us be brave and say simply that all good music well performed is delightful, and that all music badly done is detestable—whether it be Italian, German, French, English or Chinese. Let the bell-wethers jump by themselves.

Maud Fortescue.

The young actress who is pictured on our title page as Gretchen in Mr. Gilbert's version of Goethe's Faust is extending her acquaintance with the American public by a tour that began just after the conclusion of her late engagement at the Lyceum Theatre. Miss Fortescue is fortunate and unfortunate in the celebrity that she has achieved with the assistance of the newspaper paragraphers. As has often been the case, it led our playgoers to entertain expectations that could not but be disappointed, for actresses are not made in a day out of squibs, although a delusion to the contrary exists in some quarters.

But if Miss Fortescue failed to command the praise that is held in reserve for the experienced and finished artist, she has at least succeeded in convincing even the skeptical observer that she is an earnest and intelligent student of the dramatic art, and that her natural gifts, allied with native perseverance, will probably carry her to a plane of usefulness and distinction. Miss Fortescue, as Mrs. Langtry did before her, is developing her talents up to the point that her personal celebrity has reached. Her charm of manner, like her good breeding, is unquestionable. It is this that at the present time stands her in stead for artistic proficiency so far as attracting the public is concerned.

Personal.

PRESCOTT.—Marie Prescott was the recipient of a benefit at Havlin's Theatre in Cincinnati on Jan. 7.

WILTON.—Ellie Wilton has recovered from the injuries received at rehearsal last week at the Lyceum Theatre.

GRIFFIN.—Dr. Hamilton Griffin spent a few days in town last week. He left for England on the Germanic on Friday.

FLORENCE.—Through the kindness of W. J. Florence, 200 Denver newsboys saw Our Governor on New Year's Day.

LEE.—Carrie Lee, who plays Hettie Preene in Lights o' London, was given a very pleasant welcome from the theatre-goers of Nashville, her home, last week.

HEMPLE.—Samuel Hemple, the veteran comedian of the Philadelphia stock days, has just played Old Jarvis in The Lights o' London for the six-hundredth time.

FITZ-ALLAN.—Mlle. Rhea has presented her late leading lady, Adelaide Fitz Allan, with a jewel for neckwear in the shape of a Mexican gold daisy with a diamond centre.

PRICE.—Edwin Price had sufficiently recovered to play his role of Bill Sykes in Oliver Twist before the close of Miss Davenport's engagement in Cincinnati last week.

OWENS.—Mrs. John E. Owens is managing her late husband's estate, including the Academy of Music, Charleston. She is residing at the homestead at Townsboro, Md.

LABADIE.—Mrs. Francis Labadie, wife of the actor of that name, and MIRROR correspondent at Owosso, Mich., resigns her card of credentials to give her care and attention to a recent arrival of twin boys.

COGHLAN.—The report that Rose Coghlan will go back to Wallack's next season is strenuously denied, as it is claimed for the lady that she is doing as well on the road as she could wish for. She opens at the Union Square on Jan. 31 for two weeks.

HENNEQUIN.—Prof. Alf. Hennequin, of the University of Michigan, dabbles occasionally in play-writing. Minnie Madden brought out her latest piece, Mignonette, in Toronto and Ann Arbor a short time ago. The local critics saluted the Professor's effort with unstinted praise.

JONES.—Henry Arthur Jones is again at work on a new play, for this dramatist is never happy except when something is on the stocks. It will be an original comedy drama with leading parts especially designed for E. S. Willard and Mary Rorke. On the withdrawal of Jim the Penman at the London Haymarket it will produced there.

GOODWIN.—An omission from the list of New Year's gifts in last week's MIRROR was the one presented to Nat C. Goodwin by the management and company of the Bijou Opera House. It consisted of a handsome silver punch-bowl lined with gold. Its height is two feet six inches and the estimated value \$250. Charles Coote, of the company, handed the gift to the astonished comedian, who made a witty speech.

CAYVAN.—At the close of last season Georgia Cayvan announced to her intimate friends that she was ill and tired of travelling, and that she would stay in the city and accept jobbing engagements rather than go on the road. If she failed to get any city engagements she would do nothing. Her determination resulted even better than she expected. She has just ac-

cepted an engagement from Dion Boucicault to play the leading part in his new play to be produced in Boston at the Hollis Street Theatre on Feb. 17. The engagement is for sixteen weeks, and she is to play in Boston, Brooklyn and New York only.

Orthoepy.

Three times recently I gave myself the pleasure of seeing the Vokes company of English players present three little one act pieces: In Honor Bound, A Little Change and A Pantomime Rehearsal. Their business, in consequence of Miss Vokes not being in the bill, was wretched, though the performance from beginning to end was charming; at least I thought it was. If I had not thought it was I surely should not have sat it out three times in one week.

The utterance of all the members of the Vokes company, at least of all that were in the bill, is that of cultivated persons; yet they do not always pronounce in accordance with what in this country is considered the best authorities. Indeed, in occasional instances they do not pronounce in accordance with any authority at all, though on the whole their pronunciation is more in conformity with what in all English-speaking countries is considered the best usage than would be that of any like number of American players, select them where you would. Not that they are more correct in placing the accents, for they are not; but they are more correct in making certain of the vowel sounds. The so called intermediate *a*, for example, which appears in such words as *answer, dance, mast, cattle*, etc.; the short and obtuse *e*, as in *perfect, term, mercy, prefer*, etc.; the *i* of such words as *birth, first, bird, mirth*, etc., and the *o* of such words as *world, work, worth, worthy*, etc. Our tendency is to make these sounds too much in the throat.

Figure. Miss Dacre, like the majority of her countrymen, pronounces this word *fig-er*, though the pronunciation is sanctioned only by Perry, whose dictionary was published more than a hundred years ago. Mr. Thorpe, however, who seems to me to be one of the most correct of the Vokes company, pronounced it, as it is generally heard in this country, *fig-yur*, with the *u* obscure.

Chivalrous. Miss Dacre seems to prefer the pronunciation of this word that is now somewhat antiquated. She sounds the *ch* like the *ch* in *chime*.

Again. This word is differently pronounced by different members of the Vokes company. Mr. Dalzell, for example, pronounces it *again*, in accordance with what would seem to be popular British usage, while Mr. Thorpe follows the authorities, and pronounces it as it is commonly pronounced in this country—*agen*.

Solicitor. I doubt whether Mr. Thorpe has any authority for sounding the second *o* of this word like the *o* of *or*.

Inexplicable. The second, not the third, is the accented syllable of this word.

Hault. The weight of authority favors the sounding of the *a* of this word like the *a* of *father*, and not like the *a* of *haul*.

Fear. The mode that prevails in England of pronouncing this word, and of pronouncing *here*, is, so far as I can discover, wholly without dictionary authority; yet there are some Americans that have the bad taste to affect it—Miss Dauvray, for example.

Paper. I don't think I should have noted the total absence of the *r* in Mabel Millett's utterance of this word if I had not been desirous to make an opportunity to say that her Mrs. Larkspur is one of those charming high-comedy personations that one would be long in tiring of.

If Agnes Miller had only allowed me to catch her in a mispronunciation she would have obliged me much, for then I should have had an opportunity to say that to my thinking her Rose Dalrymple and Miss Lilly are worthy companion-pictures to Courtenay Thorpe's Larkspur and Sir George, which, I am sure, everybody will agree would be very high praise. As it is, however, these pretty things, and much more of the same sort that I thought, will have to remain unsaid.

Yet all this is less disturbing than it is to see Mr. Bellew and Mr. Kelcey hunt places in which to hide their hands.

ALFRED AYRES.

The Fund Benefit at the Casino.

Every effort is being made by Manager Aronson at the Casino for the success of the benefit for the Actors' Fund to be given there next Thursday afternoon, Jan. 20, and the prospect, judging from the sale of seats, which began a few days ago, are fair for one of the largest audiences that the house has ever held. The programme is long and varied, the performance opening with the second act of *Erminie*, in which the entire Casino company will appear. This will be followed by Mme. Cavallari and coryphees in a ballet divertissement; Lili Lehman and Herr Robinson in a duet, with Anton Seidl as accompanist; Robert H. Mantell, recitation; selection by orchestra, Walter Damrosch conductor; recitation by Georgia Cayvan; sketch by John A. Mackay; Monologue, The Double Lesson, by Rosina Vokes; promenade concert by increased Casino orchestra, led by Rudolph Aronson; recitation by Robert C. Hilliard; song by Loie Fuller; Lew Dockstader's talk on "Quaint Misfits," and Ed. Harrigan, Annie Yeatmans and Johnny Wild in the song from *Investigation*, entitled "On Union Square." Handsome souvenir programmes, in the shape of a miniature bill-board, will be distributed to all, and during the promenade concert in the pavilion the booths will be open for the sale of flowers, the flower-girls being the leading ladies of all the principal theatres in the city.

The Romance of Laura Keane.

In the course of a chat about the dramatic history of America with a MIRROR representative, the venerable gentleman who gave the hints on "Will Stuart and His Times" in last week's MIRROR, said:

"So far as I know—and I have kept a pretty sharp lookout—I have not met with a faithful biography of Laura Keane. But, after all, actors have no biographies; they are mere creatures of tradition. I can give you a little sketch of the lady. It was the elder and eminent Wallack who brought her over here for the leading parts in the legitimate comedies and plays of that legitimate day, when he himself, the peer and contemporary of such men as Charles Kemble, was the unrivalled light comedian and melodramatic actor of the stage. Then it was that such comedies as *London Assurance* and the *School for Scandal* were in the foreground, to which add all the old and sterling English comedies. It was the period when Blake, the Placides, Barton, Brougham and the like formed part of a brilliant constellation; when the memory of Charles Kemble and his wonderful daughter Fanny was yet warm; when Ellen Tree was fresh in men's minds; when The Lady of Lyons was in its sentimental glory; when Boucicault achieved that master-work, *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, and created the unequalled—in its way—Jesse Rual, made incarnate and immortal by Rufus Blake, and when the sun of Lester Wallack was proudly ascending in the same path which Charles Mathews had illuminated. Then it was that one day the elder Wallack burst upon us with the young girl Laura Keane. It was then said that all her stage experience had been acquired under a short engagement with Madame Vestris. She had no prestige. She took her place in the stock company, for the hateful star system then was hardly recognized in this country, a period when a play well balanced and well cast reminded one of the Theatre Francaise.

Miss Keane came here a supposed maiden of about twenty summers, accompanied, if I recollect, even at that time, by her mother and two girls who were said to be her nieces. Some said that her antecedents were those of an English barmaid. Her figure was good, and but for a rather pronounced nose her features were regular; clear, deep blue eyes; hair inclined to auburn. She was from the very first distinguished by her clean cut intellectuality, her natural and unstaged style, her admirable articulation, a winning voice, her spontaneity in the dialogue in the old comedies—a gift in her which gave what may be called an artistic realism to such roles as *Lady Teazle*, *Beatrice*, *Pauline*, etc., and which shone out vividly as *Miss Hardcastle* in *She Stoops to Conquer*.

"All at once, in the very height of her popularity, without a sound of warning, without any consultation in the matter with her manager, she disappeared from the New York stage while her name was on the bills for the very night of her flight. What had become of her? Had she eloped, and, if so, where and with whom? Not very long after this dramatically sensational event Laura was heard from on the then wild Pacific Coast. She had made a sort of theatrical venture on the joint responsibility of a Mr. Lutz, said to be a member of the card-playing sporting fraternity, who furnished the funds for the enterprise. This speculation was a theatre in San Francisco. Now came the disclosure of Lady Audley's Secret, the romance of Laura Keane's life.

"During one of these far Western tours under Lutz, Laura adventured into Australia, I think about the time that Edwin Booth, an adolescent, was passing through the rough schooling of the barnstorming business in those parts, as a sort of variety actor whose roles included then, it was said, such low comedy parts as nigger minstrelsy affairs. I have reason to believe that at the time at which I am talking Laura had become, as she supposed, the wife of this swart, middle-aged man called Lutz. Lo and behold! as a convict dragging ball and chain in Australia she suddenly came across the lover and husband of her early days. The so-called nieces of 'Miss' Laura at once developed as her daughters, the issue of that marriage with the Australian felon. Was ever a good, noble woman more instantaneously ensnared in a net more deadly! She had been betrayed into marriage with some snob said to be an officer in the British army or navy. He perpetrated a felony, was banished, and vanished—Laura knew not where until now. She was advised that his crime and punishment operated as a legal divorce, and regarding him as one dead she drifted into the drama to begin a new life in a new world.

"Laura worked in California and Australia like a very slave, under a load of debt and financial failure, and with as brave a soul as ever led a forlorn hope, and to this add the bites of the snakes of calumny, whose infectious breath suggested not only illegitimacy as the ban of her daughters, but went to the extent of filthy defamation as to her personal character in a general way. As I remember dates, she became successively manageress of the Winter Garden Theatre and of Laura Keane's Theatre, which was built expressly for her by Mr. Trimble. Her failure at the Winter Garden was after a skillfully planned artistic campaign, and she fell with her face to the foe." Laura Keane's Theatre, as it was called, was a story of vicissitudes. It was here, and under her management, that E. A. Sothorn and Joseph Jefferson, as young men, won their brightest spurs; but adverse fate soon closed about Laura at this period. With her own company she took the road. She wrote plays and illustrated them. Her final dramatic venture was as manageress of the Philadelphia Chestnut Street Theatre—a dismal failure in an ill fated house. Laura's last enterprise was an art journal under her own editorship, than which New York has seen nothing better of its kind. Lutz was dead. Laura owned only an interest in a mortgaged house in Bond street, which about enabled her to live. She educated her youngest daughter for opera, with what success I know not, and soon thereafter the dark curtain fell. She deserves to be remembered with the history of the stage, for she was one of its noblest workers.

"Laura was not a great actress in the stereotyped sense of that word, but as a light ornament and builder up of the theatre, who among them all equals her? She ranks with Irving and Charles Kean in this regard, to say the very least of it."

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Dec. 30.

Boxing Night at Old Drury is now a vastly more gorgeous "function" than it was of old, but with the glare and glitter which have come in much of the fun and jollity have departed. Where old-time managers spent hundreds of pounds on their pantomimes, Augustus Drury-Lane, who now rules the roost at the National Theatre, probably spends thousands. For every ten comedians, choristers, or what not, whom they engaged, he engages fifty, and wherever they were content with one gorgeous scene he will stick in three, many times more gorgeous. Worse than all, with every succeeding year he does his level best to surpass efforts of the previous Christmas. But there is an end to all things, and especially to enterprise in this direction. I fancy it was reached at Drury Lane on Monday, when, from trying to crowd two evenings' entertainments into one, a large majority arrived at the conclusion that they had had too much of the good things—and some of them were absolutely the best of their kind—then provided. The overture commenced at a quarter past seven, and the show lasted till half an hour after midnight—that is to say, for five hours and a quarter. As there are no intervals for refreshment at our pantomimes, and as the audience were packed like pilchards in a cask, our condition at the finish may be better imagined than described. But by the time the bitter end was reached the enthusiasts of the pit and gallery alone remained. How they all got home, goodness only knows. London is, of all places in the world, the City of Magnificent Distances. On Monday night these were rendered still more magnificent by horrible weather and the failure of the cab supply. There had been a five-minute storm two nights previously, and hence, as is the custom in this country—or at all events in London—the roads and sidewalks were impassable, owing to accumulations of frozen slush. Teams, trains and omnibuses gave out long before the Drury Lane pantomime was even within measurable distance of its end. Long before that time arrived cabs were not to be had for love or money. You may take it from me that there was considerable quiet blasphemy when the unfortunate audience at length got outside and found itself "hung up" in this fashion.

The title of Harris' pantomime is *The Forty Thieves*, and the venerable E. L. Blanchard, who has been writing pantomimes for a century or so, has, as usual, put his name to the "book." I dare say it is a very good "book"—if it were spoken, but it isn't—that is, not to any understandable extent. In point of fact it has been smothered in scenery, processions and ballets. The scenery is, of course, very fine and large, but it is by the processions and ballets that the big effects are obtained. The thieves' treasure cave, devised by Beverly, offers probably the most magnificent coup d'œil ever seen upon Drury Lane stage. The entrance is high up at the back of the stage—somewhere on a level with the first tier of flies. It is night, and the moon sheds a weird lustre on the boulders which form the narrow opening. From either side, serpentine "runs" descend to the floor of the stage. To a strain of wild barbaric music the forty thieves and "retinue" presently enter the cave, marching and counter-marching along the "runs" with wonderful effect. And as for the Forty—as I have used to say—count 'em! Why, four hundred and forty would be nearer the mark. The effect is simply marvelous. But it is on the counterfeit presentation of Queen Victoria's Jubilee that Harris has mainly spread himself. This stands in lieu of the time-honored transformation scene, and is in three parts—A Ruined Indian Temple, The Deck of a Man-of-War and The Temple of Fame, respectively. Of these the first was chiefly noticeable for Emma D'Aubain's wonderful representation in dumb show of a Hindoo widow about to perform "suttee." Late as it was, Emma fairly brought down the house. I have not troubled you with the plot of Harris' pantomime because up to the time of writing I have not been able to discover any. But this is by no means unusual in English pantomimes—more especially on the first night of their production. One of the most charming features of the show is a ballet of babies, performed by children ranging from four to fourteen years old. They are on their first entrance dressed in Oriental costume, which presently they throw off, and then appear in little white silk nightgowns. This manoeuvre was executed with commendable dexterity by all save one—and that one the tiniest of the crowd. This poor little mite—she could not have been more than four years old—after tugging vainly at her refractory green caftan and trousers, at last fairly broke down and began to cry. She never left off dancing, but the big tears rolled down her poor little cheeks and she was evidently in awful trouble. Presently she got to the wing, and there friendly hands soon put her right, and in another moment she danced on again in her little white nightgown, radiant with joy, and footing it with the nimblest there. The house grasped this unheeded effect with much promptitude, and its heroine was rewarded with certainly the most genuine applause of the evening—applause which she, poor little mite, had evidently no notion was intended for her. In conclusion I would say that Augustus Harris has done wonders this year, but if he had only done half as much in the way of grandeur and twice as much in the way of fun, we should have liked it ever so much more.

The other big show of the week has been Manager George Edwardes' production at the Gaiety of Monte Cristo, Junior, a melodramatic burlesque by Richard Henry, otherwise Richard Butler and Henry Chance Newton. This production was really an event, and apart from the strong army of regular first-nighters in the humbler parts of the house, many members of the "first families" assisted. The house presented a brilliant appearance, and it is agreed on all hands that it was altogether the best first-night the Gaiety has had for at least ten years. The press, like the first night audience, has been most enthusiastic, and the Gaiety is now doing the biggest business it has ever known. People

(some of them of the Highest Rank) are beseeching for seats to be booked to them, and even professional deadheads have been seen to pay to go in.

But to the piece. This, or as much of it as the mass of splendor and display allows to appear, produces the leading incidents of Dumas' immortal romance pretty closely, and above all affords great opportunities for those brilliant burlesque artists, Nellie Farren and Fred. Leslie, who play, respectively, Edmond Dantes and Noirtier. This last is a mixture of spy, detective and Music Hall comique. The first act commences with the expected arrival of the *Pharaoh* with young Dantes aboard, and ends with the arrest of that bold mariner just as he is about to be married to his Mercedes. The finale of this act, showing the scheming of De Villefort, Danglars, Noirtier, Fernand and Co., and the despair of Dantes on being consigned to the Chateau d'If, is one of the most melodramatic and dramatic things ever seen and heard in this class of work, and Nellie Farren's acting at this point suddenly passed from vivacity to such intensity that the act-drops fell amid thunders of applause and everybody said, "What a fine actress the drama people have lost."

In Act II., scene 1, the Chateau d'If stands before you, a solid, massive, structure with its ramparts looking over on to the sea, over which is cast at first a lurid sunset. The effect as the curtain goes up is impressive and weird. This effect is heightened by the changing of the guard to a stirring march air. After this the story has to wait "off" awhile in order that Jenny McNulty (of America) the Albert, may speak a few lines to introduce Lottie Collins (of England), a music-hall dancer of considerable skill, but having no connection with any question of the play. When Miss Collins has given off a sort of "American song-and-dance," and has been embraced by Miss McNulty, on we go again. To appropriate music the front wall of the dungeon on the prompt side vanishes, and poor little Edmond Dantes, labelled "No. 93," is seen crouching in his cell bathed in mystery and magnesium light. He is visited by De Villefort, the Prefect of Police, and by Fernand (who in this case is made Inspector of Prisons in order to give Fay Templeton, of America, a little more to do). Dantes' hero goes in for some *It's Never Too Late to Mend* business, and having routed his sneering visitors with great slaughter, steps out of his cell and gives off a topical song called "Inside."

After this, strange, indescribable noises are heard, and Faria, the "ruined Abbe" (labelled No. 77), pokes his head through the wall into Dantes' cell, and anon rolls in bodily and carries on in a startling and anything but grave and reverend manner. In fact he soon discloses himself to be quite another person altogether from what he professed to be. He puts Dantes up to all sorts and conditions of dodges, and ends by proposing flight. At last, after a good deal of hesitation on the part of the romantic Dantes, they agree to draw lots for a sack, which leaves the Chateau d'If every Friday, containing Dirty Clothes. The pretended Faria wins the draw, but while he has gone off to pack his luggage, Dantes gets into the sack and is borne on to the ramparts, from which the sack is suddenly thrown into the sea by Dantes' fellow-prisoner, who is furious at the lad's artful trick. At this point the escape of Dantes is worked up as in the story, the gendarmes firing upon Dantes, who is seen battling with the waves.

Suddenly this solid Chateau turns itself inside out, and by a wonderful mechanical change transforms itself into a cave on the Isle of Monte Cristo. This is a dark, supernatural sort of scene at first, with large gems of various hues flashing fitfully from several corners and crevices, and with several bats or ghouls or something flitting about and emitting real incandescent electric lights from their chests and stomachs. Suddenly Dantes, who has swum all the way from the Chateau d'If, breaks into this cave, and it then changes again and becomes a bright grotto with the blue Mediterranean washing in at the mouth of it. After Dantes has helped himself to sundry gems and has gone off to find a decent change of raiment the cave becomes peopled with a tribe of explorers introduced chiefly for the sake of display and ballets. And brilliant display and gorgeous ballets they are, too, I assure you. The story has to wait twenty minutes or so while the eye is feasted by this full-sized dose of life, color and movement. Anon Dantes returns and warns all the trespassers off, and the act ends with a short but effective finale, what time the cave again changes and becomes once more a mass of treasures and gems, indicated chiefly by hundreds of electric lights of many colors. For the rest it is sufficient to say that in the first scene of the third act (the Auberge du Pont du Gard) the authors are allowed to get back to the story a bit and to give something of the episodes concerning the great diamond, the Jew Peddler and the plot to assassinate Dantes, all of which points are burlesqued in a manner that affords satisfaction and amusement. The piece finishes in Morcerf's salon, a gorgeous scene, in which are more ballets of a dazzling type and the best dresses of the whole show.

Nellie Farren, as Edmond Dantes, played better than she has ever done, and that is saying a good deal. She gave her songs, nautical, topical, didactic, and otherwise, with considerable go, and danced her daintiest. When she dashed on to the Marseilles Quay in her delightfully picturesque sailor's dress, the clever little woman received such a roar of welcome and such prolonged applause that it seemed to stagger her for a while. Everybody seems to admit that in Monte Cristo Junior she has scored her greatest burlesque triumph. Fred. Leslie, as Noirtier, also made a tremendous hit—the biggest he has yet made. His songs, dances and indescribable antics and bits of business set the house in a constant scream of laughter, especially in the prison scene. Here in his duet with Miss Farren ("77 and 93"), his dancing was a revelation. And later, when disguised as the Jew Peddler, he sang a song about the London shows, in which he imitated, among others, Toole, Arthur Roberts, Edward Terry, Harry Paulton and three of the Savoy company, also himself. The names of these players were not mentioned by Leslie, but each imitation was promptly recognized. This song created a furore, and Leslie might have gone on imitating until now but for other matters intervening. Mercedes was played in a dashing manner by Agnes Delaporte, and Billee Barlow, well known on your side, acted cleverly as Carconte, who is described as "a charming hag." Your Fay Templeton, although a bit too short for the part, looked picturesque as

the jealous Catalan, Fernand. She also acted in a spirited, albeit unobtrusive manner. Fay has brought with her a song of her own called "I Like It," a song which is, I believe, well known to New Yorkers. During the singing of this in the Cave scene on the first night a galleryite objected to its being encored, and exclaimed, "We don't like it," whereupon this eminently English audience, insisting on courtesy to strangers, got up a demonstration in the little lady's favor, and she was not only allowed to finish, but was again encored. The proceedings were delayed a little by this, but it was certainly a fortunate thing for Miss Templeton. You may expect to see Monte Cristo Junior in New York on or about October 1, 1887. Charles Harris, who has so wonderfully stage-managed the show, will probably come along.

The Avenue also has scored a success with Reece and Farnie's new "Colonial and Sub-Tropical Burlesque-Pantomime," Robinson Crusoe. In this there's not too much adherence to Old Dan Defoe's story, but just adherence enough. A series of incidents, ancient and modern, are served up with merry music, splendid scenery and delightful dances. As Robinson Crusoe, Arthur Roberts causes incessant laughter by his gags, wheezes and grimaces. The authors have provided him with plenty of funny business, and he has taken care to provide himself with more; so it may safely be predicted that the Avenue is safe for a good while to come. Miss Wadman and Lydia Yeamans (the latter lady is from your regions, I believe) both sing delightfully, and Henry Ashley and Sam Wilkinson add greatly to the fun. Phyllis Broughton acts and dances with all that piquancy and grace for which she is becoming noted, and as though there were not enough good looks in the show the management have engaged Mrs. Mackintosh and her sister, Miss Steer, described as society beauties, to pose as Indian Princesses.

The best thing in the Avenue show is the Harlequinade with which it concludes. In this Arthur Roberts plays the Policeman, and Wilkinson Clown and Ashley Pantaloon. This is one of the most screaming things seen for many a day, and makes you laugh till you are sore.

Alice in Wonderland, adapted by Saville Clarke from Lewis Carroll's delightful story, was put on at the Prince of Wales' (late Prince's) last Monday afternoon, and also scored a success. It is a sort of children's pantomime for afternoons only. It is played chiefly by children, and clever children they are, too, I can tell you. As Alice, little Phoebe Carlo, formerly of Wilson Barrett and Co., made a great hit, and considerable humor was shown by a mite called Miss Dorothy D'Alcourt, as the Dormouse. The best of the grown-ups are Sidney Harcourt as the Hatter and Tweedledee and John Etinson as Tweedledee. The scenery, dresses and the music (which is by Walter Slaughter) are all excellent.

The Prince of Wales' is occupied of evenings by B. C. Stephenson and Alfred Cellier's charming comedy opera, *Dorothy*, and by "Richard Henry's" farce, *A Happy Day*, both of which Monte Cristo Junior has ousted from the Gaiety.

D'Oly Carte has asked me to say that it is not true that the book of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera has been sent to various American managers. He (Carte) proposes to run over to New York himself to produce the new piece at your Fifth Avenue Theatre, immediately after the London production, which, it is thought, will take place in about a month. Happy New Year to you all.

GAWAIN.

Some Grievances.

The New Year has begun with a number of professional grievances, of varying extent and interest. Some of these have been submitted to THE MIRROR by the people that consider themselves injured, so that their cases may be placed before the profession.

Charles H. Bradshaw and B. F. Horning manage a Hoodman Blind company that plays in the smaller cities and towns. Their agent made a date at Biemiller's Opera House, Sandusky, O., early in the season, which, at the request of Managers Frohman and Lig, was cancelled. Mr. Bradshaw, in a written communication, relates what afterward happened as follows: "Some time ago our agent made another date at Sandusky. A few hours later he learned that the train on which we depended to get out in order to open an engagement at the Windsor Theatre, Chicago, would not take our baggage or scenery. So he telegraphed Frohman and Lig at once that we would not be able to play Sandusky as expected, and stated the reason. To this the firm replied that they would not release us. Then we sent several explanatory letters and telegrams, but failed to get another reply. On last Thursday night they attached our scenery and box-office receipts, putting in a claim for \$249.50. The house, when all said, holds only \$450, and the first contract—that we released them from—was for 70 and 30 per cent., so the absurdity of the claim is apparent. However, as we were non-residents and couldn't afford to carry the matter to a higher court and fight, we were compelled to compromise for \$150. Frohman and Lig's lawyer, and the Justice who issued the attachment against us, agreed that it was a gross outrage. However, we were compelled to grin and bear it. The managers in question boast of having had ten similar cases before and that they have won every one."

Another story is brought to us by James Maas, who went to Chicago under Frank A. Burr's management, with fifty other people, to appear in Messrs. Dam and Eustis' operetta, *Mizpah*. "We rehearsed for three weeks in Philadelphia," said Mr. Maas, on Tuesday, "and opened in Chicago on Sunday, Jan. 2, at Hooley's. At the end of the first week no salaries were forthcoming. We were put off from day to day the second week. As there was no prospect of a change I refused to play after last Wednesday and returned to New York Saturday. Colonel Burr claimed to be backed with ample capital, but none of it was seen. The members of the company were destitute of funds, and I believe only \$75 was paid—and that to keep them from being thrown

out into the snow, on account of their hotel bills, before I left. Burr appeared to be totally indifferent to a sense of his responsibility for this state of affairs. He lived luxuriously at the Palace Hotel, and opened quantities of wine, while his chorus girls were penniless and in danger of being turned out of doors. I had to borrow money from personal friends in order to pay my board-bill, and ask credit for a railroad ticket to New York. It was understood that Burr was backed by a wealthy New Englander, John Wallace. John Ellsler promised to go on and see the performance, and if satisfactory he consented to become responsible for fares and board while the party filled a date this week with him. The Mr. Wallace alluded to is a manufacturer, reputed to be wealthy, of Meriden, Conn."

The report in Sunday's *World* of the marriage of Lowell Mason, business manager of the Wages of Sin company to an actress in Boston, has called forth a denial and an indignant protest from that gentleman. He writes THE MIRROR as follows: "In the New York *World* of Sunday, under the caption 'So They Were Married' appears one more romance from the gifted Boston correspondent of that paper. I say 'once more' advisedly, for presumably this is the same gentleman who started the report of death by drowning of my brother Jack last Summer. A grain of truth lies amidst this mass of falsehood, to wit: the marriage license; but a license doesn't make a marriage any more than a swallow makes a drunk. Will you kindly deny this story in THE MIRROR? It is a lie, pure and simple, and I should be glad and grateful if you would embellish your denial with comments, so much stronger than anything I could write, of your own on the license that permits a newspaper correspondent to drag a lady's name into notoriety, especially when a few inquiries in Boston would have convinced this romancer of the falsity and absurdity of the whole affair. I have telegraphed and written denials of the report to the *World*. Whether or not that paper gives me hearing will be seen on Monday morning." In Monday's *World* Mr. Mason's telegraphed denial was printed, supplemented, however, by the statement that certain Boston people corroborated the original story. Mr. Mason certainly ought to know more about the alleged marriage than anybody else, and his prompt denial ought to end the matter. But the *World* thinks differently. It always does when decency and dignity demand a frank avowal of a mistake. The *World*, however, doesn't monopolize decency and dignity.

C. F. Montaine writes from Meriden, Conn., setting forth his little grievance: "During the week that Siberia appeared at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, two seasons ago," says he, "some guns belonging to the State were borrowed for use in the play. Some of them were rented by sabre strokes given by one of the characters in the fifth act. Four were injured before anything was said of the matter. Col. Sinn then complained to the stage manager, M. C. Daly, who laid the blame upon the actor that flourished the sabre, and who was charged with a bill of twenty dollars. Bartley Campbell was present at the time, and seeing the injustice of such a proceeding ordered the treasurer, James Merrill, to collect only one half the amount, the other half to be paid by the manager of the company, Thomas B. MacDonough. Mr. Campbell's wish was utterly ignored by MacDonough, who collected the full amount of the bill from me."

The Violin-Maker of Cremona.

John Howson's testimonial occurs this (Thursday) afternoon at Wallack's. He has secured a large and strong corps of assistants, and as a good many seats have been sold there should be a house whose proportions will gladly be the beneficiary's heart and swell his bank account.

This performance enables Mr. Howson to gratify a long cherished desire, the production in New York of a little play called *The Violin-Maker of Cremona*. John Cheever Goodwin—who is now engaged in business pursuits in this city—some time ago translated it from the French of Francois Coppee for Mr. Howson, who will assume the role created by Coquelin at the Theatre Francaise—Filippo, the hunchback. Marie Jansen will fill the part of Giannina, J. H. Gilmour Sandro and Hudson Liston Ferrari.

The plot, which is subjoined, possesses a dainty charm, and if Mr. Goodwin has succeeded in choicely Englishing Coppee's blank-verse, the result should be a valuable addition to the limited list of one-act pieces: The Podesta of Cremona, lately deceased, has left his gold chain to be offered as a prize to the pupils of the master violin-makers who shall make the best instrument. Taddeo Ferrari, his friend, and a master maker, enthusiastically adds to the gift his daughter's hand in marriage. Giannina begs him to reconsider his offer, as she loves her father's pupil Sandro, and adds that should Filippo, his other pupil, win the prize, she could not love him, though sympathizing with him in his poverty and deformity. Sandro, who has brought his violin, tells Giannina that he fears Filippo's skill, having heard him play on his violin one evening while a nightingale was singing in the garden, and that he could not tell which music was the more melodious and thrilling. Filippo rushes in pale and bleeding, having been pursued and stoned at by a crowd who had been torturing a poor dog for which he had interceded. Giannina tends and soothes him, and his manner betrays to Sandro that he loves her. The rivals converse on their prospects of winning the golden chain. Filippo generously wishes Sandro's success should he himself fail, but Sandro rejects his proffered hand, retiring moodily and jealously. Filippo muses on his fate, consoling himself by pouring out his aspirations to his beloved violin, when Giannina comes to him and asks him to play to her. Filippo does so, and, seeing her in tears, misjudges the cause, but is told by Giannina that in his triumph he sees her own wretchedness; that she loves Sandro and bids Filippo live for fame and leave love to his rival.

Filippo reproaches himself for his presumption, and is about to break his violin, but reflects that if another than Sandro should win the prize, Giannina would still be unhappy. He changes the violins in their cases. The hour for judging is at hand. Sandro, at Filippo's request, takes both instruments to be judged, but later on rushes in and confesses to losing Giannina, he changed the violins in a lonely street on his way to the hall, but ran

from the place, filled with remorse, to ask pardon of Filippo, who tells him that his treachery has avenged itself and lost him the prize. The golden chain is brought triumphantly to Filippo, who hangs it about the neck of Giannina, that she may wear it in remembrance of himself when wed to Sandro. Ferrari, astonished at the rejection of the honors Filippo has won, asks "What compensation have you?" Filippo replies, "This," holding the violin to his breast, "this will console me!"

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I.—DAVID BIDWELL.

The name of David Bidwell is familiar throughout the United States, and in nearly all of the civilized world, as being connected with some of the most extensive amusement enterprises that have been presented to the public these many years. Mr. Bidwell was born in the town of Stuyvesant, New York.

In early life he accepted a situation on one of the steamboats of the Hudson River Association that ran between Albany and New York. He soon became popular as one of the officers of the then famous steamer *Swallow*. Mr. Bidwell remained on the river some eight years, during which his winters being spent in New York City, he frequently took the position of treasurer or ticket seller at one of the places of amusement. In 1843 he fitted up the Empire House, on Barclay street, which became the headquarters of the Empire Club. He removed from Barclay street to a much larger establishment, on Nassau street, which he conducted with great success, until November, 1846, when he was induced to join his brother in the ship-chandlery business in New Orleans. Success followed in his new field. In 1850 Mr. Bidwell withdrew from the firm and purchased the widely known Phoenix House, and in 1853, in connection with George Laurson, he built the Academy of Music, which was originally intended for equestrian entertainments, and was first called the Amphitheatre. In 1854, after the burning of the Varieties Theatre on Gravier street, Mr. Bidwell took the company into his establishment, made some improvements, and called it the Pelican Theatre. In 1856 he formed a co-partnership with Dr. G. R. Spalding and Charles J. Rogers, the firm being Spalding, Rogers and Bidwell. They refitted the Pelican Theatre at considerable expense, and called it the Academy of Music. It soon became the popular theatre in New Orleans, under the personal management of Mr. Bidwell, his partners, as was agreed, paying their personal attention to the firm's great circus enterprises. Mr. Rogers withdrew from the firm after the third successful circus expedition to South America. Messrs. Spalding and Bidwell continued the business upon a much more extensive scale. In 1867 they built the Olympic Theatre, in St. Louis—one of the finest theatres in the West. And having leased the theatres in Memphis and Mobile, they rebuilt and remodeled them, and thus formed the first theatrical circuit in this country, and inaugurated the system of traveling companies.

In 1867 Mr. Bidwell, Dr. Spalding and Avery Smith projected the Great American Champion Circus, which went to the World's Exposition, Paris. Each partner contributed \$50,000 in cash to the enterprise, and Mr. Bidwell was chosen the director-in-chief to accompany the show. An immense amphitheatre was built in Albany, N. Y., under the personal supervision of Dr. Spalding, to be transported to Paris. The best talent in every line and the best horses were selected. Other circus proprietors in the country took an interest in its artistic and financial success, and gave the pick and choice of everything they had in the business. Mr. Bidwell, having been appointed by the Governor of Louisiana Chief Commissioner for that State to the great Paris Exposition, started for the French capital on the steamship *Guiding Star*, which was chartered to convey the circus across the ocean. After many changes of site and vexatious delays he obtained a lease of the Theatre du Prince Imperial, which he remodeled at great expense. This theatre was the largest in Europe. Its capacity was about 5,000. The average daily attendance for the first three months was over 5,000. Everybody connected with the enterprise gained a satisfactory amount of glory. Mr. Bidwell remained one year in Paris, and then went to London with his entire outfit. He leased the Amphitheatre on Holborn Hill, which he enlarged and remodelled. During the five months he remained in London he always played to the full capacity of the theatre. Here Mr. Bidwell met with a misfortune in the loss of his health, being confined to his bed for over two months, his physicians advising his return to his home in the South. This compelled the abandonment of the rest of the European tour. Mr. Bidwell returned home in 1868 and resumed the management of the Southern Circuit. During the years 1867, 8, Spalding and Bidwell controlled and managed seven theatres via New Orleans, St. Louis, London, Paris, Havana, Memphis and Mobile, besides a traveling circuit.

In 1871 Spalding and Bidwell sold all of their circus property and theatrical interests, except the Academy of Music in New Orleans, and the Olympic Theatre in St. Louis. In the dissolution of the well-known firm Dr. Spalding took the Olympic Theatre in St. Louis and Mr. Bidwell took his favorite theatre, the Academy of Music, in New Orleans. In 1870 Mr. Bidwell bought the St. Charles Theatre, known as the Old Drury. In 1880 he re-built the house. Mr. Bidwell now owns the Academy of Music, St. Charles Theatre and the Phoenix House, all in one block, on St. Charles street. He is also one of the stockholders and the lessee of the Grand Opera House, on Canal Street. To these theatres he gives all his personal attention in management. They are the only standard theatres in New Orleans.

David Bidwell is regarded as a very successful manager, which is due to the fact that he attends personally to all of the details of his many establishments. He plays none but the best attractions, and conscientiously carries out each and every agreement he makes, which gives him a high standing in the profession, and enables him to secure the best in the market. Socially Mr. Bidwell is esteemed as a jolly companion, liberal to a fault. He has recently purchased a Summer residence at Pass Christian in Mississippi, on the Gulf Coast. He claims it to be one of the most delightful places in the world. May he live to pass many happy seasons there.

The Amateur Stage.

THE AMARANTH IN CONFUSION

The elements were not propitious on Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, but those who had the hardihood to venture out in the raging storm to attend the Amaranth performance of Confusion at the Brooklyn Academy, were rewarded by a genuine treat. In many respects the acting was quite up to a professional standard, while the farcical incidents of the play kept the audience in shouts of laughter. Alfred Young, who assumed the part of Mortimer Mumpford, lacks the frolic and humor that Mr. Dixey was wont to display in the same role. He is not a comedian in temperament, but his dry way of saying funny things, together with the apparent seriousness of his features while the whole audience was laughing at his complications and dilemmas, made his impersonation thoroughly successful. Moreover, he is versed in the technique of the stage, having gone through a course of study at the School of Acting. This training, combined with his natural aptitude, is what has placed him in the front rank of amateurs. The Christopher Blizard of Percy G. Williams was certainly funny. Mr. Williams, however, appeared so much like James Lewis in method, make-up, and falsetto intonation, that many in the audience were under the erroneous impression that that droll comedian had created the part at his first representation in this country. As the saying is, "imitation is the sincerest flattery," but mimicry of pronounced peculiarities can scarcely be classed as true histrionic art. Frederick Bourne, as Rupert Sunbury, spooned in a satisfactory manner; but his characterization was otherwise slightly commonplace. Nor was the Irish butler of Virgil Lopez a particularly successful effort at character acting. His brogue was intended to be "bannel-mouthed," but it could never pass muster with a real Hibernian. Next to Alfred Young, G. H. Buermann, as Dr. Bartholomew Jones, did the best acting among the gentlemen. The scene in which Mumpford takes the doctor for a detective, and they both become convinced of each other's insanity, was as artistic as it was mirth-provoking. Without resorting to burlesque, Messrs. Young and Buermann were so ludicrous in their efforts to humor each other that the audience were fairly convulsed. A. H. Marquis hardly looked or spoke as if he had been cut out for a police officer, but acquitted himself with credit in the role. Criticism and gallantry should not be confused. Nevertheless, it is a pleasant task to chronicle that all the ladies were good in their respective parts. Even diminutive Rose Coghlan Murray, who, as the Baby, made her first appearance on any stage, tried to be as "good" as she knew how. An occasional yell on her part was only intended to let the audience know that she was no doll baby stuffed with sawdust. Ada Woodruff, as Rose Mumpford, added another to her many successes on the amateur stage, while Elise Louis made such a charming and romantic Violet that all the dudes in the audience wished they had the privilege of making love to her. Mrs. Charles Bellows, Jr., acted the role of Lucretia Trickleb in a manner that added considerable merit to the performance. Whenever her old-fashioned corkscrew curls became visible they completely upset the gravity of the situation. Ada Austin, another efficient amateur, interpreted the part of Maria with customary skill. The cast, as usual, entailed a pug, who undoubtedly created his share of the general confusion. A word of praise is also due to Mr. Bellows, Jr., for the exceptional smoothness of the entire performance. The Two Orphans is the play underlined for the February performance.

NOTES.

The Lyceum Theatre was crowded on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 6, with fashionable people. The entertainment was a very worthy one. The programme began with Sugar and Cream, a very silly comedy, by James P. Hurst, in which appeared Edward Fales Coward, Valentine Hall, Alice Lawrence and Rita Lawrence. The two scenes from The Hunchback were carried out in an artistic manner, with Mr. Coward as the Modus and Miss DeCrole as the Helen. The closing scene was Delicate Ground. Coward had an excellent conception and gave a very intelligent reading to the lines of Citizen Sangroul. His gestures, however, were awkward, and he is wanting in facial expression. Mary K. Perkins was capital as Pauline. William Francis Johnson was a Nanyish Alphonse De Grandier. First and foremost among the rules of the Amateur's Hyle should be, "When in doubt, play Among the Breakers." It was probably owing to the fact that this motto was presented seven times during a recent season at the Lexington Avenue Opera House that the Bulwer gave its opening entertainment at Manhattan Hall on Monday evening, Jan. 7, to Robert Drabon, who assumed the part of David Murray, confoundedly with emotion. The Larry Levine of John V. Packenham evinced a talent. A. H. W. Abres was quite good as Hon. Bruce Hunter. Charles Fryer was comic instead of a piece of music in the role of Clarence Hunter. C. T. H. is as yet somewhat crude, but his impersonation of Peter Paragraph showed he has the making of a light comedian. J. P. Quirk proved an acceptable "cad." His negro dialect and make-up were good. Miss E. J. Hayes was a pleasing Minnie Daze. Mrs. M. E. Butler was somewhat too ingenious in manner and costume as Hest Starbright, but she seemed to win the sympathies of the audience. The Mother Carey (Mrs. J. De Forrest) was not quite on a par with former impersonations of the same character in performances of recent date. Miss De Forrest, however, was quite off in the second act when she threw off the witch's garb. Marie Foster has acted the role of Biddy Bean so frequently that she seems almost identified with it.

James M. Ward has come out the victor in the suit over The Red Fox.

In about two weeks The Mascotte will be put on at the Bijou Opera House with Nat. C. Goodwin as Lorenzo.

Al Filson and Lee Errol, two well known specialty artists who have been abroad for some time, will return to America in February and make their reappearance at Tony Pastor's Theatre.

T. M. Hengler, once of the well known Delehanity and Hengler, is dying of consumption at his home at Greenpoint, L. I. They became famous through "Shoo Fly" and other dances. Delehanity died of the same disease several years ago.

Misfortunes of Play-Pirates

Editor New York Mirror:

As a consistent and persistent enemy of play piracy, I know you will be glad to record the rapid decline of that once flourishing industry. Texas has been a fertile field for play thieves, but during my present tour of the State I have found that their days of prosperity are numbered. That is to say, they can no longer venture into towns that an attraction would ever think of visiting. In the vernacular, the Texan has "tumbled" to them. Martin Golden, who has for years been starring a brass band through the small towns of Texas, and playing a lot of stolen plays as a side attraction, can no longer drum up an audience in a town of over fifteen hundred inhabitants. Out of the regular season he occasionally ventures into a town of three or four thousand; but this year he has found that even these hamlets have outgrown him, and he is glad to retreat to the cross roads. However, I guess Martin has stowed away on his Indiana farm sufficient to prevent his ever becoming a burden to the Actors' Fund, unless in his old age his feet should stumble and his ancient enemy again master him.

I see that another persistent play-thief recently died of softening of the brain in a charity hospital at Indianapolis. His name was F. G. White, and he was an actor capable of earning an honest living in his profession. For ten years he has been playing Gilded Age. The Phoenix and Joshua Whitcomb, and finally dies a pauper's death, and with no member of his profession so poor as to do him reverence. J. G. Stutz, a typical barn-storming tragedian, who for years commanded respect by confining himself to the legitimate and refusing to become a play-thief, at last weakened, and is now boldly appropriating everything. Like the Golden, his operations have been confined to small Texas towns. I shall watch with interest his downward career.

Another actor who was young, talented and capable of earning an honest living was L. R. Warwick. He began by stealing Davy Crockett. About nine years ago he came into St. Louis fresh from his first piratical raid with Crockett, and meeting Mayo in the lobby of the Olympic Theatre, cheekily offered his hand. Frank promptly pulled his nose. He evidently regarded this as personal, for he declined to continue the conversation. But the incident evidently embittered his young life, for he immediately became desperate. He went to his boarding house and thumped his female friend; then he got a stolen copy of The Phoenix and went at it again. For the past year he has been living on bar room lunches and small charity offerings in little Texas towns. A few weeks ago he had one of his eyes cut out in a brawl, and he is now an attendant in a beer saloon in this city. As there is no great demand for one-eyed actors in Texas this year, we shall probably next hear of him as an applicant to the Actors' Fund. A few years ago a little English Jew named Webber, who makes his headquarters in Chicago, the play-thief's paradise, bought a copy of the old printed play of Hand and Glove. He rechristened it Nip and Tuck, and for years toured the Western and Southern towns. This was all right, as the play was public property. But when some of his actors started out to do the play on their own account he appealed to "honest managers" to shut them out and "respect his rights." He has recently branched out as a full-fledged play-pirate, appropriating The Phoenix among other things. He is now rapidly nearing the end of his tether.

A word in regard to local managers: My experience is that the great majority of the country managers honestly desire to protect both themselves and others, but when these people come in and advertise Risen From the Ashes; or, A Double Life they are not supposed to know that it is The Phoenix unless they have been previously notified. In many cases I receive notices from local managers who have been thus imposed upon. Webber was not content with stealing my play; he also used my title in full. He applied for time and sent the bill to managers on one of my circuits, and from them I first learned, to my surprise, that he had joined the army of play thieves.

I yesterday received a letter that for monumental cheek surpasses anything in my experience. A year or two ago F. F. Egbert started out to do a circuit of Western towns with a repertoire including The Phoenix which he called Risen From the Ashes. A local manager notified me of the piracy, but also the same time the snap collapsed, and I gave no further attention. As the "star" received no communication from me, he chuckled to himself that his disreputable business had not been discovered, and so wrote the letter which I append together with my reply. Very truly yours,

MILTON NOBLES.

DEAR SIR:—I should like to arrange with you for the production of The Phoenix at the cheaper, twice a week theatre—the Harris circuit and Jacobs and Price's. I don't suppose you care to play those houses, and I doubt if the piece will suffer less than at the hands of my wife—Kate Gassard—and myself. I would like to play it on a royalty, or, if you feel inclined to go in with me, will place the services of my wife and self—Blanche and Gerald, respectively—against your privilege to play the piece and say \$100 to start the scheme. As most of the houses would offer certainities, there would be but little risk to yourself, and it should be optional with you to appoint your own business man and treasurer, if so disposed. I think I could book twenty or more weeks to our mutual pecuniary advantage, and in no way interfere with your own season. Think the matter over at once, please, and kindly let me hear from you. You will find me a gentleman, truthful and honorable, and a good actor. Hastily,

T. F. EGBERT.

367 West 36th street, New York.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

MR. T. F. EGBERT:—Your epistle of the 29th ult. is before me. To answer the business proposition contained therein I will say that I have declined access of similar offers from responsible managers, abundantly able to give security. Were I of the opinion that any of my plays could be played in the museums to a profit that would more than compensate me for the injury to the prestige and business of my individual organization, I am quite able to organize a circuit such company myself, and reap whatever benefit might accrue. Such, however, is not my opinion. I am authorized that you should give me credit for so little observation, as to have written me on this subject. In the language of the street, I have been "out" for some time, as you will readily find should you make application for time to any of the museum managers. It is a matter of considerable surprise to me that a gentleman, truthful and honorable and a good actor, should find it necessary to become a common "play-thief," selecting as his victim a fellow-

actor who never knowingly did an act of injustice to any member of his profession. In conclusion, should I dare at any time to put The Phoenix out on royalty I would scarcely select as business associate a gentleman, truthful and honorable, and a good actor, who began by stealing my property, and then fearing to negotiate the same, writes for my authority to sell it in open market and share the proceeds. Sing Sing and Blackwell's Island are filled with such "gentlemen, truthful and honorable," only they stole overcoats and hats instead of plays. Very truly yours,

MILTON NOBLES.

ADDENDA: In the cast of The Phoenix there are no such characters as Blanche and Gerald. These names are used only in the stolen copies of the play. M. M.

Fate.

Where'er the flowers are,
The butterflies come too,
With bright-hued wings,
The fair Queen Rose to woo.

Where'er the sweet grapes hang,
Are murmuring crowds of bees—
The bold free-lance of the fields—
In swarms of twos and threes.

Where'er the lovers whisper,
The burning fire flies on—
As if they knew, on lovers' lips,
Was first their glowing home.

Where coral honeysuckle grows,
The humming bird darts in;
For well he knows the sweets that dwell
That chaliced cup within.

Where'er the grasses spring,
The soft, sweet south winds hover;
With breathless bliss they kiss
The fields of Summer clover.

Thus each fair child of Nature
Hath for his heart a mate,
Deary not, then, my tender thoughts,
Since loving is but Fate.

FLORENCE GERALD.

Professional Doings.

—Alexander Salvini and Moss Senac will take part in an assault-at-arms at John Howson's benefit to-day.

—The Criterion Dramatic company, under the management of E. L. Deane, opened in Amsterdam, N. Y., on Jan. 5.

—Mariande Clarke is now managing the Fortune's Foot company for Leslie Rial. He writes that business is fairly good.

—Candace friends recently presented George W. June with a set of fatter furs. The recipient murmured something about June and January embracing, but was checked off by the Kauchers.

—Margie Mitchell's company featured a purse of \$50 to Miss Southwester, who had had a two-woman burned to death in the recent railroad wreck at F. M. I. U.

—Blanche Moulton and L. F. Frost have joined the Lizzie Evans company, in place of Jessie Dean and J. A. Winter.

—Lizzie Evans opens her New England tour Feb. 21 at New Haven. Miss Evans has this new play under consideration—"The Robin's Nest," by Con. J. Murphy, A Family Affair by Scott Marlin, and Acadie, by A. C. Chapman.

—Frank Farrell writes The Mission from Denver, Col. that he is rapidly regaining his health. "Indeed," he says, "I am better to-day than I have been in three years. The struggle was long and painful, but, thank God, the worst has passed!"

—The Red Hot Love is the title of a new farce, which will be presented by the company that will engage the humorous talents of Harry Leopold and Leslie Howard next season.

—Edward Powell states that he is connected with Dominick Murray's company not one of the bravest. Mr. Powell says that he is used without authority in the printing of the latter organization.

—In Memphis the other night, Mrs. Charles Walcott of Rose Coghlan's support, was suddenly taken ill, and Mrs. Charles Peters, the old woman of the company, took her place as Audrey. In As You Like It, with but two hours notice, Mrs. Peters had never led the part before, but she achieved a signal success, receiving a call on the scene.

—A telegram received by Frank W. Sanger on Monday from Tony Hart, stated that the latter's opening in Chicago on Sunday night was notably successful.

—Marie Petravsky has joined Kitty Rhoades company to play juvenile and subordinate parts.

—Frank Lawton, of the Sol Smith Russell company, feels grateful to Mr. Russell and Manager Berger for their leave of absence, without even a substitute to take his place, in order to attend the funeral of a member of his family in Hartford. Mr. Lawton's brother was killed at a fire on Sunday in the city named.

—Kenna Madden is one of the few young and comely actresses that are not inclined to sacrifice their good looks in the interest of art. She played Little Slowboy in The Cricket on the Hearth recently in New Orleans, and a Playhouse writer said it was the best performance of the part that he had ever seen.

—H. R. Jacobs has added another to his long chain of theatrical successes by having the Boston R. J. Theatre. The rent of the house is \$12,000 a year, which the owners insist on having in advance.

—Alice Oates died in Philadelphia on Monday, Jan. 10. She had been ill for some time. Miss Oates had been prominently identified with the stage for some twenty years, and was at one time pre-eminent in burlesque.

—Several new plays are now being gotten ready for Mary Hamilton, who begins her starring tour under the management of Gustave Frohman on April 11.

—Viola Allen, Louise Dillon, Leslie Allen, Henry Miller and Melbourn Melville have been engaged for the company which is to open in June in San Francisco in Held by the Enemy, William H. Gillette, the author, will play the Correspondent in this cast.

—The Main Line will open in Boston next Monday night with an entirely new second act. At the close of the Boston engagement the company play in and about New York for two months.

—Al Hayman, who left for San Francisco last Thursday, returns to this city after Clara Morris opening on the Pacific Slope.

—W. S. St. Clair has been engaged for the part of Captain Hardy in the forthcoming production of Harbor Lights at Wallack's.

—Henry Greenwald has bought a piece of property in Houston, Texas, with designs in the direction of the new theatre.

—Wheel Carnac is the title of a new play that Henry Chausseur will produce in New Orleans during his present fortnight's engagement. It is from the pen of George Lloyd.

—The Evans Costume Company are making the costumes for Mrs. Langtry's production of Cascaire.

—Helen Da Vray and Ellie Wilton on Monday presented Stage-manager Co. with a gold watch and chain for his bravery in saving Miss Wilton recently from a possible by serious accident.

—Mrs. Rosa Leland has opened an office in the Star Theatre building, where she is prepared to make rates, fill time and transact all the business of a full-fledged theatrical agency. Mrs. Leland has pluck and brains, and she generally succeeds with whatever she undertakes.

—John W. Misher, who made a small fortune with Bartholomew's Equine Faradex finds pleasant employment in the management of his New Academy of Music at Reading, Pa. He books only meritous comic companies at regular prices nothing less than thirty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents; and his list shows that thus far they have been usually good. The new Academy is conducted liberally, and is a gratifying and popular manager.

—Salaries have not been so frequent as Museum dates in A Great Wrong Righted company. The leading lady, Adeline Stanhope, finding the party broke to play among a lot of stuff dummies and other scientific apparatus of taxidermist C. Curious. Miss Stanhope says she does not, at present, appear to be in any of the museum of natural history, but she is ready to engage in a first-dramatic company.

—The London press is by no means unanimous in its estimate of The Noble Vagabond. Henry Ar. Jones' new play at the Prince's Theatre. But several of the leading journals disagree with the opinion expressed last week by "Gawin." The Mirror's London correspondent, The Pall Mall Gazette says that it is "the best melodrama that has been seen in London for some time." The Standard says: "It is a character as well as a contrast, it is a play of the highest order, and it is remarkably natural, without extra-ordinary or undue sentimentality." The Daily News says: "A play of strong situation is, we believe, the maximum of managers and actors experience in the matter of the public appetite for romantic drama, and there can be no question that the author of A Noble Vagabond has kept the maxim steadily in mind."

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in Mark Melford's original melodramatic farce comedy, entitled

TURNED UP.

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Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

50 Cents. ADMIS-ION 50 Cents.

Reserved seats, 50c, and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$5, \$10, \$15.

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ERMINIE.

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Orchestra of 24.

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A BUNCH OF KEYS.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

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Next Week—HELEN HASTINGS.

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THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

presented with a cast unequalled in the history of the drama.

Owing to the success of this performance important novelties hitherto in preparation are inevitably postponed.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Hoyt's Hobbies.

"This has been a most successful season for the Tin Soldier," said Charles H. Hoyt to a Mirror reporter. "Business outside of San Francisco was not phenomenal, but it was evenly good. Not a losing week, but we did have one very close call. We played in St. Paul and Minneapolis during a cold snap, and came out just \$7 ahead. In Newark, a few weeks ago, we played to over \$3,800, and we have just closed a very good week in Baltimore. In Boston we have the record of having played to the biggest house in the Park Theatre at any prices. The Rag Baby's business has been somewhat better than last season all over, except in Chicago, where I didn't expect to equal the phenomenal business of \$19,000 in two weeks some time ago.

"We have been very unfortunate in having people sick, and in the death of James Dyer, of the Tin Soldier company. Mr. Dyer's death was the result of an accident he met with some time ago. He was one of the best of actors, capable of light genteel to rattling low comedy, and withal a perfect gentleman in every respect. While I am on the subject, I can't help telling you of Dr. Robertson's kindness to Mr. Dyer. Although Mr. Dyer received his salary regular, Dr. Robertson charged him almost nothing for his services, and gave him the best of care. He also kindly contributed \$50 toward the funeral expenses.

"We have been unfortunate in having our people sick, but we have also been fortunate with our understudies. Amy Ames has been out of the cast almost half of the time through illness, while Flora Walsh is out now with a bad cold. When Miss Walsh had a little part she told me she was a good actress, but I always thought it a 'fairy story.' But when Miss Ames fell ill I put her on in the part of the servant girl, and she played the part just about as good as the original, Laura Hurt did splendidly in the part of Carrie Story while Miss Walsh was ill.

"As to my new play, A Hole in the Ground I intend producing it this season. I have not quite finished writing it, but it is so thoroughly mapped out that I could put it in rehearsal in two weeks. I expect to present it in St. Louis or Chicago in March or April. I shall play it for a short season only, probably not more than four or six weeks, just to find out all about it. If it's a go it will probably be produced in New York in September."

"What is the plot of A Hole in the Ground?" asked the reporter.

"It has none. A plot is a disadvantage. It stands in the way of a farce comedy. My plays succeed through their character studies. I have two or three good character studies in the new play. Flora Walsh will be given the leading soubrette part. The rest of the company is not decided upon. I have another piece sketched out, called Stirring up the Animals, but if A Hole in the Ground is a success I shall not produce it for a year or more. I own The Maid and the Moonshiner now by purchase, but the report that I intend producing it is untrue. I recognize the fact that the opera was a failure, although I believe that Solomon's music got an undeserved scoring from the press."

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

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CLEVELAND, O. New Johnson House. 133 Superior street. Special rates to the profession. H. B. WEST, Manager.

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